
Know your own Mind :

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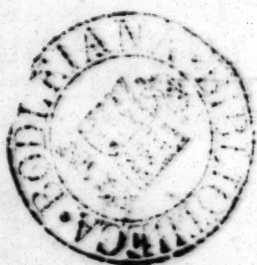
COMEDY,

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE - ROYAL,

I N

COVENT - GARDEN.



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PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE - ROYAL,

IN

COVENT - GARDEN.

— Pugnāt sententia secum ;
 Quod petiit, spernit ; repetit quod nuper omisit ;
 Æstuat, & vitæ disconvenit ordine toto.

HOR.

Ut callidum ejus ingenium, ita anxium judicium.

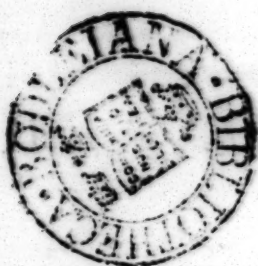
TACIT.

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MDCCLXXVIII.



P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. LEWIS.

THROUGH the wide tracts of life, in every trade,
What numbers toil with faculties decay'd?
Worn out, yet eager,—in the race they run,
And never learn——when proper to have done.

What need of proofs? Ev'n Authors do the same,
And rather than desist, decline in fame.
Like Gamesters thrive at first; then bolder grow,
And hazard all upon one desp'rate throw.

This truth to feel, perhaps too much inclin'd,
Our Bard, long hackney'd, trembles there behind,
Lest he shou'd prove—another vanish'd mind. }
Long has this play lain hid, suppress'd by fears,
Beyond the critics rule, above nine years!
And now he comes, 'tis the plain simple truth,
This night to answer for his sins of youth.

The piece, you'll say, should now perfection bear;
But who can reach it after all his care?
He paints no monsters for ill-judg'd applause;
Life he has view'd, and from that source he draws.

Here

P R O L O G U E.

*Here are no fools, the Drama's standing jest !
And Welchmen now, North-Britons too may rest.
Hibernia's sons shall here excite no wonder,
Nor shall St. Patrick blush to hear them blunder.
By other arts he strives your taste to hit,
Some plot, some character ; he hopes, some wit.
And if this piece shou'd please you like the past ;
Ye Brother Bards ! forgive him :—'tis his last.*

*Lost are the friends who lent their aid before ;
Roscius retires, and Barry is no more.*

*Harmonious Barry ! with what varied art
His grief, rage, tenderness assail'd the heart ?
Of plaintive Otway now no more the boast !
And Shakespeare grieves for his Othello lost.
Oft on this spot the tuneful swan expir'd,
Warbling his grief ;—you listen'd and admir'd.
'Twas then but fancy'd woe ; now ev'ry Muse,
Her lyre unstrung, with tears his urn bedews.*

*From this night's scenes e'en Woodward too is fled,
Stretch'd by pale sickness on his languid bed,
Nor can Thalia raise her Favourite's* head.*

*For them our Author lov'd the tale to weave ;
He feels their loss ; and now he takes his leave ;*

Sees

* Mr. WOODWARD was to have played the part of DAW-
WOULD : in his last illness he lamented to the Author, that he
could not close his theatrical life with that character : he died a
few weeks after the play appeared ; for years the life of the comic
scene, and in his end regretted as a worthy and an honest man.

P R O L O G U E.

*Sees new performers in succession spring,
And hopes new poets will expand their wing,
Beneath your smile his leaf of laurel grew ;
Gladly he'd keep it ;—for 'twas giv'n by you.
But if too weak his art, if wild his aim,
On favours past he builds no idle claim :
To you once more he boldly dares to trust ;
Hear, and pronounce ;—he knows you will be just.*

DRA

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

MILLAMOUR,	Mr. LEWIS.
DASHWOULD,	Mr. LEE-LEWES.
MALVIL,	Mr. WROUGHTON.
BYGROVE,	Mr. AICKEN.
Captain BYGROVE, his Son,	Mr. BOOTH.
Sir John MILLAMOUR,	
Father to Millamour,	Mr. FEARON.
Sir HARRY LOVEWIT,	Mr. WHITFIELD.
CHARLES, Servant to	
Millamour,	Mr. WEWITTER.

Footmen, &c.

W O M E N.

Lady BELL,	Mrs. MATTOCKS.
Lady JANE,	Miss DAYES.
Mrs. BROMLEY,	Mrs. JACKSON.
Miss NEVILLE,	Mrs. HARTLEY.
Madam LA ROUGE,	Miss AMBROSE.

Know your own Mind.

ACT the FIRST.

Scene, the House of Sir JOHN MILLAMOUR.

Enter Sir JOHN, and BYGROVE.

BYGROVE.

WHY then I'd marry again, and disinherish him.
Sir John. Brother Bygrove, you think too severely in these matters.

Bygrove. Severely, Sir John? If I had a mind that my son should marry, why should he not do as I would have him?

Sir John. Allowance must be made for inclination. The success of our children depends upon the manner, in which we set them out in the world. They are like bowls which, if delivered out of hand with a due regard to their bias, our aim is answered, if otherwise, they are short or wide of the mark in view, or perhaps rush widely out of the green.

Bygrove. Well argued, truly! he that should obey is to judge for himself, and you that are his governor, are to be directed by him.

Sir John. Why he is chiefly interested in the end, and the choice of the means may be fairly left to himself. I can't but be tender of George; a plant of my own rearing, and the tree will hereafter be known by its fruit.

Byg. It is a tree that will bear nothing without grafting; and if I could not inoculate what will make it thrive and flourish, it should not incumber a foot of my land.

B

Sir John.

KNOW YOUR OWN MIND.

Sir JOHN. Your system and mine differ widely, Brother Bygrove. My son is of a large and liberal understanding, and I a father of mild authority.

Byg. Authority!—your son's word is a law to you. Now there is my young graceless; he is in the army, and why? Because I chose it. I had a mind he should serve; and so he went to be shot at. No arguing with me. If I see any thing wrong, I accost him directly: Look ye, Sir, do you think to go on in this fashion?—Not during my life, I promise you: I will acknowledge you no longer than you prove worthy; and if you can't discern what is befitting you, I at least will judge what is proper on my part.

Sir JOHN. Well, George and I have lived together as friends. From a boy, I endeavoured to subject him rather to his reason, than his fears. If any little irregularity happened, he was no sooner sensible of it, than his cheek coloured, and the blush of youth not only looked decent, but expressed an ingenuous and well-disposed mind.

Byg. But the consequence of all this? Has he a settled opinion? a fixed principle for a moment? He is grown up in caprice; his judgment has not vigour to be decisive upon the merest trifle; he is distracted by little things, and of course is perishing by little and little.

Sir JOHN. Oh! no; all from a good cause: his knowledge of life occasions quick reflection: quick reflection shews things in a variety of lights. I am not angry. He will settle in the world; you will see him married before long.

Byg. In what a variety of lights his wife will appear to him.

Sir JOHN. I beg your pardon for a moment. I see a person there. Charles, Charles, this way.

Enter CHARLES.

Sir JOHN. Well, Charles, what is he about?

CHAR. Very busy, Sir, a thousand things in hand.

Byg. And all at the same time, I'll warrant.

CHAR. We have a deal to employ us, Sir.

Sir JOHN. Have you sounded him in regard to what I mentioned last night?

Char.

Char. That's what I wanted to tell your Honour.— Last night, Sir, as he was going to bed, I touched upon the subject; dropt a hint or two, that it is now time to think of raising heirs to himself; enlarged upon the comforts of matrimony, and I think with no small degree of eloquence.

Byg. The fellow is laughing at you.

Sir John. Well and how? What effect?

Char. A very visible effect, Sir. This morning early, my master rings his bell. Charles, says he, I have been considering what you said last night: I shall pay a visit to the young ladies, and, I believe, shall marry one of them.

Sir John. There, Mr. Bygrove; I am for ever obliged to you, Charles. Well, go on.

Char. I fly immediately to get him his things to dress, and return in an instant. Charles, says he, then tossed himself back in his chair, beat the ground with his heel, and fell a reading. Won't your Honour get ready to visit the ladies?—The ladies! what ladies, you block-head?—Lady Bell, and Lady Jane, your Honour, Mrs. Bromley's handsome nieces. Po! you're a numskull, says he, with an oblique kind of a smile; stretched his arms, yawned, talked to himself, and bade me go about my business.

Byg. I knew it would end so. There is not a crane-neck carriage in town can give a short turn with him. He will continue going on from one thing to another, and end in nothing at last.

Sir John. This is provoking. Any body with him this morning?

Char. He has had a power of people with him, Sir—A commission-broker, to sell him a company in a marching regiment; the Mayor of a borough, about a seat in parliament. And there are several with him now, Sir. There is Sir Harry Lovewit, and—

Byg. Aye! Sir Harry! I am glad he is of age, and that I am no longer his guardian. He has not had a new idea in his head since he was five years old, and yet the blockhead affects to be lively. He runs after wits, who do nothing but laugh at him. He repeats

scraps and sentences ; all memory and no understanding ; a mere retailer of what falls from other people, and with that stock he sets up for a wit.

Char. He is with my master, Sir ; and there is Mr. Malvil, and Mr. Dashwould, and—*(bell rings)*—He rings, Sir : you will pardon me ; I must be gone, Sir.

[Exit.]

Byg. And that fellow, Dashwould ; he is the ruin of your son, and of poor Sir Harry into the bargain. He is the Merry Andrew of the town : honour has no restraint upon him ; truth he sets at nought, and friendship he is ever ready to sacrifice to a joke.

Sir John. Po ! mere innocent pleasantry. Dashwould has no harm in him.

Byg. No harm in him ? I grant you the fellow has a quick sense of the ridiculous, and draws a character with a lucky hit. But every thing is distorted by him. He has wit to ridicule you ; invention to frame a story of you ; humour to help it about, and when he has set the town a laughing, he puts on a familiar air, and shakes you by the hand.

Enter Sir Harry, laughing violently.

Sir Harry. Oh ! ho ! ho ! I shall certainly expire one day, in a fit of laughing.

Sir John. What's the matter, Sir Harry ?

Byg. What fool's errand brings him hither ?

Sir Harry. That fellow, Dashwould, will be the death of me. The very spirit of whim, wit, humour, and raillery possess him.

Byg. Ay ! wit and humour for the meridian of your understanding.

Sir Harry. By the shade of Rablais, he is the most entertaining creature ! He has played off such a fire-work of wit. I'll tell you what he said this moment.

Byg. No, Sir, no ; if you are a pedlar in smart sayings and brisk repartees, we don't desire you unpack for us.

Sir Harry. A plague on him for an agreeable devil ! And then the rogue has so much ease.

Byg. Yes, the ease of an executioner. He puts all

Byg. For a husband, yes, but not too young a one; you can serve my interest in that quarter.

Mal. I know it: rely upon my friendship. But have you heard nothing of an eminent Turkey merchant?

Byg. Mr. Freeport?

Mal. I say nothing: I don't like the affair: have you really heard nothing?

Byg. Not a syllable.

Mal. So much the better: though it is fit you should be put upon your guard. Any money of yours in his hands?

Byg. Po! as safe as the bank.

Mal. I may be mistaken. I hope I am: I was in company the other night; several members of parliament present; they did not speak plainly; hints and innuendos only; you won't let it go any further. His seat in the house they all agreed, is perfectly convenient at this juncture. I hope the cloud will blow over. I shall remember you with the widow.

Byg. One good turn deserves another: I shan't be unmindful of your interest.

Mal. There, now you hurt me: you know my delicacy: must friendship never act a disinterested part? I esteem you, Mr. Bygrove, and that's sufficient. Sir John; give me leave to say, the man who busies himself about other people's affairs, is a pragmatical character, and very dangerous in society.

Byg. So I have been telling Sir John. But to laugh at every thing is the fashion of the age. A pleasant good-for-nothing fellow is by most people preferred to modest merit. A man like Dashwould, who runs on— So! here comes Scandal in solilo.

Enter DASHWOULD

Dash. Sir John, I rejoice to see you. Mr. Bygrove, I kiss your hand. Malvil, have you been uneasy for any friend since?

Mal. Po! absurd! (walks away.)

Dash. I have been laughing with your son, Sir John. Pray have I told you about Sir Richard Doniland?

Byg.

Byg. You may spare him, Sir, he is a very worthy man.

Darb. He is to : great good-nature about him : I love Sir Richard. You know he was divorced from his wife ; a good fine woman, but an invincible idiot.

Mal. Look ye there now, Mr. Bygrove !

Byg. My Lady Doriland, Sir, was always counted a very sensible woman.

Darb. She was so ; with too much spirit to be ever at ease, and a rage for pleasure, that broke the bubble as she grasped it. She fainted away upon hearing that Mrs. All-night had two card tables more than herself.

Byg. Inveterate malice !

Darb. They waged war a whole winter, for the honour of having the greatest number of fools thinking of nothing but the odd trick. First, Mrs. All-night kept Sundays ; her Ladyship did the same : Mrs. All-night had forty tables ; her Ladyship rose to fifty. Then one added, then t'other ; till every room in the house was cramm'd like the black hole at Calcutta ; and at last, upon casting up the account, Sir Richard sold off fifteen hundred acres, to clear incumbrances.

Mal. Ridiculous ! and so they parted upon this ?

Darb. Don't you know the history of that business ?

Mal. Now mark him, now.

Darb. Tender of reputation, Malvil !—The story is well known. She was detected with—the little foreign Count—I call him the Salamander—I saw him five times in one winter upon the back of the fire at Bath, for cheating at cards.

Mal. Go on, Sir, abuse every body. My lady was perfectly innocent. I know the whole affair : a mere contrivance to lay the foundation of a divorce.

Darb. So they gave out. Sir Richard did not care a nine-pie for her while she was his. You know his way : he despises what is in his possession, and languishes for what is not. Her ladyship was no sooner married to—what's his name ?—his father was a footman, and Madam Fortune, who every now and then loves a joke, sent him to the East-Indies, and in a few years brought him back at the head of half a million, for the jest's sake.

Mal.

to death without remorse. He laughs at every thing, as if Heaven intended to make its own work ridiculous. He has no relish for beauty, natural or moral. He is in love with deformity, and never better pleased, than when he has most reason to find fault.

Sir Harry. There is a picture of as harsh features as any in Dashwould's whole collection.

Byg. But the picture is true. No exaggeration in it.

Sir Harry. He gave us a miniature of you, this morning, my dear guardian, and you shall have it. Dashwould has made a discovery, Sir John. What reason do you think he gives for Mr. Bygrave's railing for ever at your son's inconstancy of temper?

Byg. Ay, now! now!

Sir Harry. You positively shall hear it. Mr. Bygrave's desires being all rusted to a point, looking directly toward the land of matrimony—

Byg. Matrimony! now gild the pill with humour, and down it goes.

Sir Harry. Dashwould has found you out. Mr. Bygrave's desires being all collected and fixed on matrimony, he rails at the variety of my friend, Milamont's whimsies, like Sir George Bumper, with chaffs on his knuckles, as big as nutmegs, hobbling along, and thanking *Doctor le Pevre* that he has no small humours flying about him.

Sir John. That's a discovery indeed.

Byg. Sir John, can you mind what such a fellow as Dashwould says? Every thing that passes through the medium of his fancy appears deformed, as the straight stick looks crooked in troubled water.

Sir Harry. Well dashed out, upon my soul, with tolerable spleen, and some vivacity.

Byg. Po!—if you had taken my advice, Sir Harry, and renounced his acquaintance long ago, you had been now a young man coming into life, with some promise of a character. Continue in dissipation, Sir. For my part it is a rule with me, neither to give nor take a joke.

Sir Harry. Ho! ho! ho! a pleasant rule, positively—ho! ho! ho! Dashwould shall have it this moment, do

you take the consequence ; and in the mean time I'll leave you to the practice of your social humour. [*Exit.*]

Byg. It is such conceits as that butterfly, that encourage him to fix his pasquinades upon every man's character. Matrimony !—a licentious—No, Sir John, I still cherish the memory of your sister ; she was the best of wives : 'Ideath, interrupted again by that—No, it's my friend Malvil ; he is a man of true value.

Sir John. Dashwould says, he is a compound of false charity, and real malice.

Byg. And it is enough for you that Dashwould says it. Malvil is a man of honour, Sir ; and an enemy to all scandal, though wit prove a palatable ingredient in the poison.

Enter MALVIL.

Mal. Intolerable ! there is no being safe where he is. A licentious rascal ! All truth, all morality sacrificed to a jest : nothing sacred from his buffoonery.

Byg. I told you, Sir John, how it is.

Mal. Oh ! such indiscriminate satire !

Byg. Yes, the fellow runs a muck, and nothing escapes him.

Mal. There is no enduring it. Ridicule is a very unfair weapon, Mr. Bygrove. It is by no means the test of truth, Sir John.

Sir John. Nay, but you are too grave about this matter.

Mal. Too grave ! Shall he wantonly stab the reputation of his neighbour, and then tell you it was in jest ? For my part, I had rather throw a veil over the infirmities of my friend, than seek a malicious pleasure in the detection. That's my way of thinking.

Sir John. I fancy you are right. This son of mine does so perplex me. (*walks aside.*)

Mal. Pray, Mr. Bygrove, give me leave. I am sorry to hear certain whispers about a friend of ours.

Byg. About whom ? the widow, Mrs. Bromley ?

Mal. Oh ! no, no ; I have a great respect for her : though I—Pray don't you think she throws out the lure for a young husband ?

Byg.

Mal. Mr. Dashwould, upon my word, Sir——Families to be run down in this manner!

Dash. Mushroon was his name; my Lady Doriland was no sooner married to him, but up to his eyes Sir Richard was in love with her. He dressed at her; sighed at her; danced at her; she is now libelled in the Commons, and Sir Richard has a *crim. con.* against him in the King's Bench.

Mal. Pshaw! I shall stay no longer to hear this strain of defamation. [Exit.]

Dash. Malvil, must you leave us? A pleasant character this same Mr. Malvil.

Byg. He has a proper regard for his friends, Sir.

Dash. Yes, but he is often present where their characters are canvassed, and is anxious about whispers which nobody has heard. He knows the use of hypocrisy better than a Court Chaplain.

Byg. There, call honesty by a burlesque name, and so pervert every thing.

Dash. Things are more perverted, Mr. Bygrove, when such men as Malvil make their vices do their work, under a mask of goodness; and with that stroke we'll dismiss his character.

Sir John. Ay, very right; my brother Bygrove has a regard for him, and so change the subject. My son, Mr. Dashwould, what does he intend?

Dash. Up to the eyes in love with Lady Bell, and determined to marry her.

Sir John. I told you so, Mr. Bygrove; I told you, you would soon see him settled in the world. Mr. Dashwould, I thank you; I'll step and confirm George in his resolution. [Exit.]

Dash. A good-natur'd man, Sir John, and does not want credulity.

Byg. Ay! there, the moment his back is turned.

Dash. Gulliver's Travels is a true history to him.—His son has strange flights. First he was to be a lawyer; bought chambers in the Temple, eat his commons, and was called to the bar. Then the law is a damn'd dry, municipal study; the army is fitter for a gentleman and as he was going to the War-office to take

take out his commission, he saw my Lord Chancellor's coach go by; in an instant, back to the Temple, and no sooner there, "Po! pox! hang the law; better marry, and live like a gentleman." Now marriage is a galling yoke, and he does not know what he'll do. He calls his man Charles; sends him away; walks about the room, sits down; asks a question; thinks of something else; talks to himself, sings, whistles, lively, pensive, pleasant, and melancholy in an instant. He approves, finds fault; he will, he will not; and in short, the man does not know his own mind for half a second.—Here comes Sir John.

Enter Sir John.

Dash. You find him disposed to marry, Sir John?

Sir John. I hope so; he wavers a little; but still I—

Byg. Po! I have no patience; my advice has been all lost upon you. I wish it may end well. A good morning, Sir John. *(going)*

Dash. Mr. Bygrove, your's: Sir John will defend you in your absence.

Byg. If you will forget your friends in their absence, it is the greatest favour you can bestow upon them.

[Exit.]

Dash. Did I ever tell you what happened to him last summer at Tunbridge?

Sir John. Excuse me for the present. This light young man! I must step, and talk with my lawyer.

Dash. I'll walk part of the way with you. A strange medley this same Mr. Bygrove: with something like wit, he is always abusing wit.—You must know, last summer, at Tunbridge—

Sir John. Another time, if you please. *[Exit.]*

Dash. The story is worth your hearing: a party of us dined at the Suffex—*(following Sir John.)*

Enter CHARLES.

Char. Mr. Dashwould! Mr. Dashwould!

Re-enter DASHWOULD.

Dash. What's the matter, Charles?

Char. My master desires you won't go.

Enter

A C O M E D Y.

11

Enter Sir HARRY.

Sir Harry. Hey! what going to leave us?

Daf. Only a step with Sir John. Strange vagaries in your master's head, Charles!—Sir Harry! going to wait upon Miss Neville, I suppose. She has beauty, and you have a heart.

Sir Har. Phaw! there you wrong me now! Why will you?

Daf. Very well; be it so; I can't see to be sure; but take my word for it, you will marry that girl. Come, I follow you.

Sir Har. I must not part with you: I had rather lose the whole College of Physicians. *[Exit.]*

Daf. March on, Sir Harry—*(turns to Charles)* Did you ever see such a Baronet? This fellow, Charles, is as ridiculous himself as any of them. *[Exit.]*

Char. Now have I but one man in the house, and he will be fifty different men in a moment. Hurry! hurry! nothing but hurry! Get me this; get me that; get me t'other; bring me the blue and silver; scoundrel! what do you fetch me this for? let me have the brown and gold. A poor servant does not know which way to turn himself in this house.

Enter RICHARD.

Char. Well, Richard, what are you about?

Rich. Why a man in a whirlwind may as well tell what he is about. Going to order the coachman to put up. He intends to change his dress, and walk to the Temple. *[Exit.]*

Char. What does he mean by talking of the Temple again? I hope we are not going to take to our studies once more. I hate the law: there is not a student in the Temple but a gain of taste. All these lawyers! They have not an idea out of the profession.

Enter ROBERT.

Rob. Richard! Richard! where is he gone?

Char. What's in the wind now?

Rob. The wind's in another quarter. He has been writing verses as he calls them, ever since the company left.

left him. He has torn a quire of paper, I believe, and now he wants the carriage directly. [Exit.

Char. Run and order it. I had rather be a country curate, than go on in this manner. *(bell rings)* What is he at now?

Millamour, (within) Charles:—who answers there?

Char. Ay; now for the old work.

Enter MILLAMOUR.

Mil. Is the chariot ready?

Char. At the door, Sir.

Mil. Do you step to Mrs. Bromley's, and—perhaps it would be better to—No, do you step, Charles, and—you need not mind it—another time will do as well.

Char. There again now: this is the way from morning to night.

Mil. (entering) The sooner the better: I promised Sir John, and I will pay this visit. Lady Bell reigns sovereign of my heart. That vivacity of mind!—"Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those."

Char. She is by far preferable to her sister, your Honour.

Mil. Po! you are illiterate in these matters. The sober graces of Lady Jane!—Lady Bell advances like a conqueror, and demands your heart: Lady Jane seems unconscious of her charms, and yet enslaves you deeper.

Char. Which of them does your Honour think—

Mil. Which of 'em, Charles? *(reads a paper)*

"I look'd, and I sigh'd, and I wish'd I could speak."

Enter ROBERT.

Rob. Captain Bygrove, Sir.

Mil. That's unlucky. I am not at home; tell him I went out an hour ago.

Enter Captain BYGROVE.

Mil. My dear Bygrove, I longed to see you. But why that pensive air? Still in love, I suppose.

(Exeunt Charles and Robert.)

Capt.

Capt. Byg. My dear Millamour, you have guessed it. I am in love, and I glory in my chains.

Mil. Shall I tell you a secret? I suspect myself plaguily. Every thing is not as quiet here as it used to be.

Capt. Byg. Indulge the happy passion. Let wits and libertines say what they will; there is no true happiness, but in the married state.

Mil. Why I have thought much upon the subject of late, and with a certain refinement, I don't know but a man may fashion a complying girl to his taste of happiness. Virtuous himself, he confirms her in her virtue; constant, he secures her fidelity: and by continuing the lover, instead of commencing the tyrant husband, he wins from her the sweetest exertion of tenderness and love. I shall most positively marry. Who is your idol? My dear boy, impart.

Capt. Byg. There I beg to be excused. You know my father. I must not presume to think for myself. I must contrive some stratagem to make him propose the match. Were it to move first from me, I should be obliged to decamp from before the town at once.

Mil. I wish you success. My resolution is taken, and with the most amiable of her sex. She romps about the room like one of the Graces; and deals about her wit with such a happy negligence——

Capt. Byg. An agreeable portrait, but mine is the very reverse. That equal serenity in all her ways! Wit she has, but without ostentation; and elegance itself seems the pure effect of nature.

Mil. (aside) I don't know whether that is not the true character for a wife. And pray, what progress have you made in her affections?

Capt. Byg. Enough to convince me that I am not quite unacceptable. My dear Millamour, I had rather fold that girl in my arms, than kiss his Majesty's hand for the first regiment of guards.

Mil. I am a lost man, I shall most positively marry. We will wonder at each others felicity; and be the envy of all our acquaintance.

Enter DASHWOULD.

Dash. I am as good as my word, you see. Most noble Captain, your father was here this morning. A good agreeable old gentleman, and about as pleasant as a night mare. Millamour, whom do you think I met since I saw you?

Mil. Whom?

Dash. Our friend Beverly, just imported from Paris, perfectly frenchified, and abusing every thing in this country—"Oh! there is no breathing their English atmosphere.—Roast beef and liberty will be the death of me."

Mil. Ha! ha! poor Beverley! I saw him, last summer, at Paris, dressed in the stile of an English fox-hunter: he swore there was not a morsel to eat in their country; kept an opera-singer upon beef-stakes and oyster sauce; drove to his villa every Saturday in a phaeton, and returned on the Monday, like a young Buck, just come upon town.

Dash. He has done his country great honour abroad.

Byg. He will settle at home now: He is going to be married.

Dash. Yes, I hear he is in love, and much good may it do him. I wish I may die, if I know so ridiculous a thing as love.—"My life!—My soul!—Hybla dwells upon her lips; extasy and bliss! blank verse and pastoral nonsense!" In a little time the man wonders what bewitched him: an arm chair after dinner, and a box and dice till five in the morning, make all the comforts of his life.

Mil. Very true! Love is a ridiculous passion indeed.

Capt. Byg. Go you take up arms against me? But a moment since, just as you came in, he was acknowledging to me—

Mil. No, not I, truly; I acknowledge nothing. Marriage is not my taste, I promise you. The handsome wife!—she is all affectation; routs, drums, hurricanes, and intrigue!

Dash. And the ugly! she makes it up with good sense; pronounces upon wit! and talks you dead with maxims, characters, and reflections.

Mil.

Mil. And the woman of high birth, she produces her pedigree, as her patent for vice and folly. "Seven's the main," and away goes your whole fortune.

Capt. Bgg. Mere common place.

Dash. And the tender maikin! she doats upon you. "Don't drink any more, my dear: you'll take cold near that window, my love; pray don't talk so much; you'll flurry your spirits"—And then kisses you before company.

Mil. And the sick madam! she has the vapours, and finds that she has nerves.——"I wish I had none."——"But it is too true that I have nerves, as slight as so many hairs."

Dash. Ha! ha! the whole sex is divided into so many classes of folly.

Mil. Right! so it is. Ha! ha! ha! *(both laugh.)*

Capt. Bgg. You play finely into one another's hands.

Mil. Now mark the champion of the sex!

Dash. Yes; he'll throw down the gauntlet for 'em. *(both laugh.)*

Capt. Bgg. Nay, decide it your own way. Since you won't hear, gentlemen, there is a clear stage for you. *(Exit.)*

Dash. Fare ye well, most noble Captain. A facetious companion! did you ever hear him say any thing?

Mil. He is in for it; and my father would fain reduce me to the same condition with one of Mrs. Bromley's nieces. A good fine woman, Mrs. Bromley!

Dash. Has been! Were she now to rub her cheek with a white handkerchief, her roses and lillies would go to the clear starcher.

Mil. Ha! ha! and yet she sets up for the rival of her nieces.

Dash. The young ladies are pretty well in their way too. Lady Bell has a brisk volubility of nothing, that she plays the pretty idiot with: and Lady Jane, a sly piece of formality, ready to go post for Scotland, with the first red-coat that asks her the question. We all dine at the Widow's to-day, are you to be with us?

Mil. Yes, to meet you: the party will be diverting.

Dash. Observe old Bygrove. He pronounces with rigour upon the conduct of others, and hopes his own follies lie concealed. His whole struggle is to escape detection. He hoodwinks himself, and thinks he blinds you. Positive and dogmatical in his opinions, yet a dupe to the designs of others; and flattering himself that a peevish and censorious spirit hides every defect, he gives you the full ridicule of his character.

Mil. I have marked him before now.

Dash. Mark him with the widow: you will see him fighting for his deceased wife and Mrs. Bromley's charms at the same time. One eye shall weep for the dead, and the other ogle the living.

Mil. Ha! ha! — And then Malvil laying siege to Miss Neville!

Dash. Miss Neville is the best of them. Mrs. Bromley has taken her into her house, as a poor relation, whom she pities; and her pity is no more than the cruel art of tormenting an unhappy dependant upon her generosity.

Mil. But she has generosity. She has promised Miss Neville a fortune of five thousand pounds.

Dash. And so the hook is baited for Malvil. The Widow flings out that snare, to counteract Sir Harry.

Mil. Sir Harry?

Dash. Yes; he is in love with Miss Neville; and the best of the story is, he is afraid I shall think him ridiculous. If I say the word, and promise not to laugh at him, he breaks his mind at once. Miss Neville sees clearly that he admires her, and of course will never listen to Malvil. The self-interested designs of that fellow shall be disappointed.

Mil. Admirable! thou art a whimsical fellow. Come I attend you. A pleasant group they are all together. It is as you say,

Our passions sicken, and our pleasures cloy;
A fool to laugh at, is the height of joy.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT the SECOND.

Scene at Mrs. BROMLEY'S.

Enter Mrs. BROMLEY, and Miss NEVILLE.

Mrs. BROMLEY.

WH Y, to be sure, Neville, there is something in what you say: one is so odd, and so I don't know how in a morning.

Miss *Nev.* Certainly, madam; and then people of your turn, whose wit overflows in conversation, are liable to a waste of spirits, and the alteration appears sooner in them.

Mrs. *Brom.* So it does: you observe very prettily upon things. Heigho! I am as faded as an old lute-string to-day.

Miss *Nev.* No indeed, madam, you look very tolerably, considering.

Mrs. *Brom.* (*aside*) Considering! she grows pert, I think.—I am glad you think me not altogether intolerable.

Miss *Nev.* Ma'am!

Mrs. *Brom.* Tolerably! she is Lady Bell's print-agent (*aside*). Has Sir Harry given you hopes lately?

Miss *Nev.* Sir Harry! I really don't understand why he is mentioned.

Mrs. *Brom.* Do you think it will be a match? And have you made up your quarrel with Lady Bell?

Miss *Nev.* (*sits down*) The sweetness of her disposition reconciles every thing.

Mrs. *Brom.* And is Millamour reconciled to Lady Bell?

Miss *Nev.* There was only a slight mistake, which I explained.

Mrs. *Brom.* Oh! you explained? that was prudently done; I am glad to hear this: and do you think he loves her? Tell me; tell me all. Why? why do you think he loves her?

Miss New. He cannot be insensible of her merit ; and the other day he asked me if you were likely to approve of his proposing for Lady Bell.

Mrs. Brom. And you told him.——Well!——what did you tell him?

Miss New. That you, no doubt, would be ready to promote the happiness of so amiable a young lady.

Mrs. Brom. You told him so? (*rises and walks about*) And so you are turned match-maker: you busy yourself in my family?——Hey!——*Mrs.* Start-up! you are dizen'd out, I think: my wardrobe has supplied you.

Miss New. Your pardon, ma'am: I had these things in the country, when you first shewed so much goodness to me.

Mrs. Brom. What airs! you know I hate to see creatures give themselves airs. Was not I oblig'd to provide you with every thing?

Miss New. You have been very kind; I always acknowledge it.

Mrs. Brom. Acknowledge it! Does not every body know it.

Miss New. Yes, ma'am, I dare say every body does know it.

Mrs. Brom. That's maliciously said: I can spy a sneer upon that false face. You suppose I have made my brags. That's what lurks in your ambiguous meaning. I deserve it: deliver me from poor relations.

Miss New. (*aside*) Now the storm begins! I am helpless, it is true, but your relation, and by that tie a gentlewoman still.

Mrs. Brom. I made you a gentlewoman. Did not I take you up in the country, where you lived in the parsonage-house, you and your sister, with no other company to converse with, than the melancholy tomb-stones, where you read the high and mighty characters of John Hodge, and Deborah his wife? While your father's miserable horse, worn to a shadow with carrying double to the next town, limped about, with a dull aching begging eye in quest of the wretched sustenance,
that

that grew thriftily between the graves? Did not I take you out of your misery?

Miss *New*. You did, ma'am. (*in a softened tone*)

Mrs. *Brom*. Did not I bring you home to the great house?

Miss *New*. You did, ma'am! (*weeps aside*)

Mrs. *Brom*. And I am finely thanked for it. Warn the snake, and it will turn upon you.

Miss *New*. I cannot bear to be insulted thus! (*aside*)

Mrs. *Brom*. So! your spirit is humbled, is it?

Miss *New*. Give me leave to tell you, madam, that when people of superior fortune, whom Providence has enabled to bestow obligations, claim a right, from the favours they confer, to tyrannize over the hopes and fears of a mind in distress; they exercise a cruelty more barbarous than any in the whole race of human malice.

Mrs. *Brom*. Is this your gratitude?

Miss *New*. I could be thankful for happiness, if you permitted me to enjoy it: but when I find myself, under colour of protection, made the sport of every sudden whim; I have a spirit, madam, that can distinguish between real benevolence, and the pride of riches.

Mrs. *Brom*. O brave! that is your spirit!

Miss *New*. A spirit, give me leave to say, that would rather, in any obscure corner, submit to drudgery, for a slender pittance, than continue to be an unhappy subject, for cruelty to try its experiments upon. (*weeps*)

Mrs. *Brom*. I fancy I have been too violent. After all this sower, I must sweeten her a little. Come, dry up your tears: you know I am good-natured in the main. I am only jealous, that you don't seem to love me.

Miss *New*. Were that left to my own heart, every principle there would attach me to you. But to be dunned for gratitude!—

Mrs. *Brom*. You are right; the observation is very just: I am in the wrong.—Come, let us be friends, I have a great regard for you, Neville. (*walks aside*) The creature should visit with me, only she looks so well.—How! did not I hear Mr. Malvil's voice?

yes,

yes, it is he ; I am visible ; I am at home, shew him in.
Walk in, Mr. Malvil.

Enter MALVIL.

Mal. To a person of sentiment, like you, madam, a visit is paid with pleasure.

Mrs. Brom. You are very good to me. Neville, do you step and bring me the letter that lies upon my table (*Exit Miss Neville*) I am obliged to go out this morning. (*Smiles at Malvil*) She looks mighty well: I have been speaking for you: our scheme will take.—Sir Harry will not be able to rival you: she will be your reward for all your services to me.

Mal. Your generosity is above all praise, and so I was saying this moment to Mr. Bygrove: he is coming to wait on you.

Mrs. Brom. That's unlucky: I wanted to have some talk with you: well, have you seen Millamour?

Mal. Yes, and I find him apt: I have hopes of succeeding.

Mrs. Brom. Hush!—not so loud! you think me mad I believe. May I hazard myself with that wild man?

Mal. Your virtue will reclaim him. I have a friendship for Millamour, and that is my reason for counteracting the designs of my friend Bygrove.—Mr. Bygrove has desired me to speak favourably of him to your ladyship.

Mrs. Brom. Oh! but he kept his last wife mewed up in the country; I should certainly expire in the country.

Mal. Why, I can't say much for a country life: you are perfectly right. Rooks and crows about your house; fox-hounds in full cry all the morning; the country "squires as noisy at dinner as their own hounds; disputes about the game; commissioners of turnpikes, justices of the peace, and pedigrees of horses; "Oroonoko, brother to White Surry, got by Brisk Lightning, his dam by Bold Thunder."—That's the whole of their conversation.

Mrs. Brom. Deliver me! it would be the death of me.

me. But don't tell Mr. Bygrove: amuse him with hopes.

Mal. He is a very worthy man. I am sorry to see some oddities in him; but that is very common in life. Vices always border upon virtues. Dathwould says,—but there is no believing his slander;—he says Mr Bygrove's sorrow for his deceased wife, is all mere artifice, to weep himself into the good graces of another. But I don't believe it.

Mrs. Brom. I hear him coming. Do you go and take care of your interest with Neville.

Mal. I obey your commands. *(going)*

Mrs. Brom. I shall make her fortune five thousand. Be sure you speak to Millamour. Go, go, success attend you. *[Exit Malvil.]*

Enter BYGROVE.

Byg. *(bowing)* Madam!

Mrs. Brom. This attention to one in my forlorn state is so obliging——

Byg. It is a favour on your part to receive a lost, dejected, spiritless——

Mrs. Brom. I admire your sensibility, Mr. Bygrove. That tender look, which you are for ever casting back to a beloved, but irrecoverable object, shews so amiable a sorrow! oh! there is something exquisite in virtuous affliction.

Enter Miss Neville.

Miss Nev. Is this the letter you want, Madam?

(gives it her)

Mrs. Brom. I thank you, Neville. Yes, there is a luxury in hankering after a valuable person, who has been snatched away. I have found a pleasing indulgence in contemplations of that sort; have not I, Neville?

Miss Nev. Ma'am!

Mrs. Brom. Ma'am! are you deaf? are you stupid? I was telling Mr. Bygrove, what a taking I was in, when poor dear Mr. Bromley died.

Miss Nev. I was not with you then, Ma'am.

Mrs.

Mrs. Brom. Was not with me ! what mem'ries some folks have !—Go, and try if you can recover your memory : leave the room.

Miss Nev. Ungenerous, narrow minded woman !

[*Exit.*]

Mrs. Brom. Oh ! you little know what a profusion of goodness I have lavished on that creature. She returns it all with sullenness, with ill humour ; with aversion. She perfectly remembers the affliction I was in, when I lost the best of men.

Byg. I have had my trials too. Heigho !

Mrs. Brom. I beg your pardon : I am recalling your afflictions : you should not give way ; you should struggle a little. Heaven knows how I have struggled. I have appeared, indeed, with an air, but it was all struggling. (*looks and smiles*) I could divert you this morning. Do you know that your son is in love with lady Jane ?

Byg. In love ! has he said any thing ?

Mrs. Brom. I don't know as to that ; but I can see what is working in his heart. He is above stairs now : I don't half like his choice : Lady Bell is the proper match for him, and her fortune is the best. An estate, you know, must come to her, by the family settlement. You should direct his choice.

Byg. This comes of his presuming to think for himself. Has he declared himself ?

Mrs. Brom. I fancy not ; but he hinted something to me, about a match in my family.

Byg. (*looks at her, and smiles*) Why, a match in your family has diverted me of late—Heigho !—It is the only thing that has entertained me for a long time.

Mrs. Brom. I have had my fancies too. I should like to talk further, but I am engaged abroad this morning. Can I set you down ? Will you trust yourself with me ?

Byg. You encourage a smile, Madam.

Mrs. Brom. We shall be the town talk : but let them talk : what need we mind ? I will just step and say a word to Neville—You should not be too solitary.

Byg. So my friends tell me.

Mrs.

Mrs. Brom. I shall be with you in a moment. (*returns*)
Do you know that we are very like each other in our
temper? After all, that is the true foundation of last-
ing friendships. Poor dear Mr. Bromley! (*going, re-
turns*) It was similitude of temper brought us together,
and if ever I could be prevailed upon again, similitude
of temper must do it. Well, you have diverted me
this morning. Here comes your son, talk to him now.
[*Exit.*]

Enter Captain BYGROVE.

Byg. Well, Sir, what brings you to this house?

Capt. Byg. A morning visit, Sir; merely to kill half
an hour.

Byg. There is nothing I hate so much as hypocrisy.
I know your errand; you must pretend to be in love.

Capt. Byg. I, Sir!

Byg. What have you been saying to Lady Jane? I
thought I had cautioned you against presuming to think
for yourself.

Capt. Byg. You have been very kind in that way.

Byg. See what comes of your friend Millamour's be-
ing left to his own discretion. The ass in the fable,
divided in his choice, and still doubting on, till it is
too late to resolve, gives but a faint image of him.

Capt. Byg. And if I, Sir, to avoid his irresolution—

Byg. You are in the opposite extreme: he thinks too
much and never decides. You never think at all, and
so resolve without judgment. Take the advice of your
friends before you come here to play the antic tricks of
love; to kneel, cringe, fawn, flatter, and make your-
self ridiculous. Do you know enough of the world to
judge for yourself? Can you tell what they are all do-
ing in the gay sphere of life? The young are bred up
under the veterans of vice and folly. They see their
mothers with autumnal faces, playing the agreeable,
and forgetting that they are no longer young. The
men are advanced beyond all former bounds, and the
women are pressing close after them. A club for the
ladies! intrepidity is now the female charm: to com-
pleat their career, there is nothing left but to build a
turf

turf Coterie, at Newmarket, and ride their own matches over the four mile course.

Capt. Byg. An admirable picture, Sir; Dash would could not colour it higher.

Byg. Dash would! an indiscriminate railer! I speak for your good, and remember I tell you, you know nothing of the world. After all, Sir, Lady Bell is the person I wish to see you married to; go, and pay your addresses to her. I will settle that matter for you:— you may then marry the person, to whom you have not degraded yourself, by pining, sighing, love verses, and I know not what.

Capt. Byg. This is all unaccountable to me, Sir. If you will but hear me——

Enter MALVIL.

Byg. No, Sir, no;—I won't allow you to fetch a single sigh, till I have said the word; when I give leave, you may then go and sigh till your heart is ready to break. I'll hear no more: no parlying with me.—Leave the house this moment.

Capt. Byg. I obey.

[Exit.

Mal. I interrupt you.

Byg. No, no; I am glad to see you. Well, have you had any opportunity with the widow?

Mal. I have; she surprises me a little: she has dropt the mask. I did not think she had been so eager to marry. We had some talk about you. You know my heart: I am always true to my friends: I see but one difficulty: she will never agree to live in the country.

Byg. The lover need not dispute that point, whatever the husband may do hereafter.

Mal. Very true; and besides, though I am not inclined, with the malicious part of the world, to suspect her virtue, yet this town has temptations. It grieves me to see the ways of this great city; fine women without principle; friends without sincerity: marriages to-day, divorces to-morrow: whole estates set upon the cast of a die; masquerades without wit or humour; new comedies that make you cry, and tragedies that put you to sleep: It grieves me to see all this. You are
in

in the right to prefer good sense and tranquillity in the country.

Enter Mrs. BROMLEY and Miss NEVILLE.

Mrs. Brom. I beg your pardon, gentlemen. Neville, mind what I say to you: don't let those giddy girls go out in my absence; to walk in the Green Park, or run to hideous painters, under pretence of seeing odious pictures, that they may have an intercourse with more odious originals. Keep them at home; I will reward your pains. *Alone, Mr. Bygrove. (Exit Bygrove.)* Come, Mr. Malvil.

Mal. Had not I better stay, and—

Mrs. Brom. No, no; come now, you may return to her. *[Exit.*

Mal. (to Miss Neville.) You see that I am torn from you; but I shall return as soon as possible. *[Exit.*

Miss Nev. Tyrannical woman! some virtues she has, but they are overshadowed by their opposite qualities. Her love of praise, is a gross appetite of flattery. She oppresses with kindness, and her very civilities are sure to be disobliging. Oh! state of dependance! for mere support, to be subject every hour to caprice and arrogance!—Is it pride that makes me feel with this sensibility? No, my heart can answer it is not. I can bow to the hand that relieves me; but, I cannot stoop to the servile office of pampering vanity and ostentation, with low and fulsome flattery. What does Lady Bell mean by talking to me of Sir Harry? She does it—I know her goodness—she does it to soften affliction, and, if possible, direct a mind depressed with sorrow: Sir Harry never threw away a thought on me. He behaves, indeed, with marked civility; but I don't know what to think of him. I must not aspire too high: no, I have no pretensions.

Enter Lady JANE.

Lady Jane. Miss Neville, I am very angry with you. What is the matter? Has any thing made you uneasy?

Miss Nev. No; I am not remarkable for high spirits, you know.

Lady Jane. Why would you not give us your company? How can you be so cross? That sister of mine is the veriest madcap!

Miss New. Lady Bell is rather lively to be sure.

Lady Jane. But when she once begins, she hazards every thing, and talks sometimes like a very libertine.

Miss New. The overflowing of gaiety, and good humour.

Lady Jane. I wish she would restrain herself a little. Madam La Rouge is with her: she has the sweetest Point ever eyes beheld. I was endeavouring to cheapen it, but Lady Bell was so troublesome; she called me a thousand prudes, and will have it that nothing runs in my head but a lover.

Miss New. I don't know but she may be right. We are apt to deceive ourselves. We talk of vapours, and fidgets, and retirement, but it is often useful, by, insinuating man, that looks at the bottom.

Lady Jane. Well, I vow you'll make me hate you.

Miss New. Has Captain Bygrove made no disturbance in your heart?

Lady Jane. How can you? You are as great a plague as my sister. As I live and breathe, the ghly romp is coming. You must take my part.

Enter Lady Bell.

Lady Bell. (repeating)

Yes, I'm in love, I own it now,

And Celis has undone me;

And yet, I swear, I can't tell how,

The plunging plague stole on me.

What would I give to have some miserable swain talk in that style of me? "Belinda has undone me;" charming!

Miss New. A lively imagination is a blessing, and you are happy, Lady Bell.

Lady Bell. I am so; but then I am not talked of: I am doing all my time.

Lady Jane. Why, you bold creature! I hate to hear you talk with so much intrepidity.

Lady

THE OWNERS OF THE
A COMEDY. 27

Lady Bell. Prudery! my dear sister, downright prudery! I am not for making mysteries of what all the world knows.

Lady Jane. And how do I make mysteries, pray?

Lady Bell. Why, you confident thing! I'll prove it against you.

Lady Jane. But what? what? what will you prove?

Lady Bell. That you are ready to jump out of your little whorl for a husband, my demure, sober sister. Miss Neville, a poet is not more eager for the success of a new comedy, nor one of his brother poets more desirous to see it fail, than that girl is to throw herself into the arms of a man.

Lady Jane. All scandal, sister.

Lady Bell. Miss Neville shall be judge.

Lady Jane. Your story is mere invention.

Lady Bell. Was there ever such a wrangler?

Lady Jane. You'll not make good your words.

Lady Bell. (pats her hand) Hold your tongue, Miss, will you?

Lady Jane. Very well, go on.

Lady Bell. Will you have done? Now mind, Miss Neville. She does not want to be married, she says. The other night, my young Master, whose thoughts are always composed and even, went to sleep as soon as we got to bed, and then her busy imagination went to work with all the vivacity of an intriguing chambermaid.

Lady Jane. And how can you tell that, pray?

Lady Bell. Out of your own mouth; you shall be judged. Miss Neville, she talked in her sleep, like a beauty in a side-box, and then fell a singing.

No, no; he is true, and I believe;

He look'd, he sigh'd, he can't deceive;

No, no; I have conquer'd; he is mine;

My heart is touch'd, and I resign.

Lady Jane. Oh! you scurrilous creature.

Miss Nev. Fairly caught, Lady Jane.

Lady Jane. All odious slander; you judge of me by yourself.

Lady Bell. I do so. I mean to be married, and am frank enough to own it. But you may let the conceitment feed on your damask cheek. My damask cheek, I hope, was made for other purposes.

Lady Jane. Gracious! there is no bearing this.—What a mad girl you are!

Lady Bell. Not in the least. A natural character.—One would not, to be sure, tell a hideous man that one loves him: but when one has encouraged him by degrees, and drawn him on, like a new glove, and perhaps done him a mischief in the doing it, why then one would draw him off again, and may be ask a pretty fellow to help a body; and then the wretch looks so pitious, and kneels at your feet, then rises in a jealous fit: "I take my everlasting farewell; never to return; no, never; what to her? who encouraged me? encouraged him? who promised? broke her promise? The treacherous, faithless, deceitful, and then returns in an instant; hands dangling, eyes imploring; tongue faltering; "Lady Bell,—Lady Bell—when you know that I adore you"—And I burst into a fit of laughter in his face. Oh! that's my joy, my triumph, my supreme delight.

Lady Jane. And is not there a kind of cruelty in all this?

Lady Bell. Oh! your very humble servant, my sweet Lady Catherine. Cruelty! The difference between you and me, sister, is this; you deny your love to your female friends, and own it to the man; now I deny it to him, but among ourselves, I fairly own that Miss Neville is not more impatient to be married to Sir Harry, than I to—

Miss Nev. Who, I? Spare me, I beg of you. Why Sir Harry?

Lady Jane. Now, now, your turn is come. Never spare her, sister?

Miss Nev. You must excuse me; I am not in spirits for all this railery. (Exit)

Lady Jane. You must leave us.

Miss Nev. Give me leave; I beg you will. I'll go and

and talk to Madam La Rouge. Perhaps I may succeed for you. *[Exit.]*

Lady Jane. Well, if you must go.—How you run on sister! and are you really in love?

Lady Bell. Over head and ears.

Lady Jane. With whom?

Lady Bell. Not with Capt. Bygrove; how alarmed you are! With Millamour, sister.

Lady Jane. Fix that roving temper, if you can; he will be on his knees to you, and the first pair of black eyes that enters the room will be thro' his heart.

Lady Bell. As to that, I give myself very little trouble: but if I should once catch him paying his adoration to me, my aunt Bromley does not raise and sink poor Miss Neville's spirits with such exquisite skill in the art of tormenting, as I should his. I should use him as the men do their punch; a little more sweet; a little more sower; a little more spirit; a little more acid again; then perhaps say it's good for nothing, and then, perhaps—

Lady Jane. What?

Lady Bell. Sip it up at last, as you would do at first. You wicked girl, how could you ask me such a question? Law! what am I about? I have a thousand things to do.

Enter Miss NEVILLE, and Madam La Rouge.

La Rouge. Ah! my Lady! always so gay; English climate no effect upon you. *De maniere de Paris* for all the world. *Exquisite, vous et charmante.*

Lady Bell. Oh! Madam La Rouge, you say such polite things; but you rob me of all my money. My sister is rich, you had better deal with her. Sister, you'll be married before me. *(Sings.)*

"No, no, be it true, and I believe," &c. *[Exit.]*

Lady Jane. Was ever any thing so crazy?

La Rouge. It is all *vivacite*! and, my lady, you have ver great wit en *partage*; *vous avez les graces*! you have de grace; but you no deal vid me.

Lady Jane. I shall call at your house in Pall Mall.

Miss Neville, you joined against me : I am very angry with you. [Exit.]

La Rouge. Mademoiselle, I tell you ; persuade my lady to have de face, and you come to my house, me give you ver pretty présent.

Miss New. Oh ! you have a national talent for applying a little bribery.

La Rouge. Diantre ; 'tis false delicatessé. You not know the manieres of the vorl.—Ah ! Monsieur Malvill !

Enter MALVIL.

Mal. Madam La Rouge. I did not expect this pleasure.

La Rouge. It is always pleasure to see our amis, to see my friends ; and I glad to see you here vid de lady. You have ver good choise. And I can tell you, make dispatch : you have a rival.

Mal. Rival ?

La Rouge. You not know ? Sir Harry have taste as well as you. Mademoiselle, you are ver great favourite.

Miss New. A favourite ! keep your vivacity for some other subject : don't make me the town talk.

La Rouge. It is very true : he come to my house in Pall Mall, and say very fine thing of Mademoiselle Neville, and Monsieur Dashwould praise you ver much.

Mal. (aside). Ay, his malice is at work.

La Rouge. Monsieur, you lose all your time—(goes to him and speaks low.) You want de fortune from Miss Brownley : Sir Harry vil take her vidout any money at all. Vat you slow for.

Mal. Are the apartments kept ready at your house ?

La Rouge. De apartment it is ready. You take it two, three week ago, and pay de rent for nothing—I leave you vid de lady ; and I go mind mes affaires. Bon voyage.

Mal. I have disengaged myself, to have the honour of attending you.

Miss New. Your attention is thrown away. Did not I hear Mr. Millamour's voice ?

Mal. Yea ; he came with me ; he is gone into the next

next room to pay his compliments to Lady Jane: I am sorry to see him for ever distracted? always resolving, and yet every day beginning the world over again.— You look chagrined, what has disturbed you?

Miss New. The old story; Mrs. Bromley's eternal whims.

Mal. She is not spoken of as I could wish. Good natured and arrogant, generous and cruel, obliging and oppressive, at the same time.

Miss New. There cannot surely, be a more distressful situation than to remain under daily obligations, and yet not be able to esteem our benefactors.

Mal. Your delicacy charms me: It has fixed me yours. I long for nothing so much, as to see you out of her power. They have a strange report about town: people will be talking: the whisper goes that Mr. Bygrove, amidst all his grief, is silly in a hurry for another wife. Mrs. Bromley, they say, encourages him; and at the same time has a design upon my friend Milamont.

Miss New. The world is not always wrong.

Mal. Malice will be busy, and does not spare the young ladies.

Miss New. If any thing is said to their disadvantage, believe me, they do not deserve it.

Mal. I dare say not: I don't think they are the forward. I am sorry to see, in one of the papers to-day, a character of Sir Harry, not at all favourable. His little follies, his whims, and caprices one does not mind: He may walk in Dunsinon's train as long as he pleases; that only makes him ridiculous. But it grieves me to hear that perfidy stains his character, and, as I am told, the work of perfidy: the ruin of beauty and innocence is his ruling passion.

Miss New. This is very odd: somebody has been at the trouble of sending me an anonymous letter to that very effect: and why to me? I am not able to decipher.

Mal. I don't like anonymous letters. In general, they aim at mischief, but this perhaps, is meant as a caution to you: it must be a friend that sent it.

Miss

KNOW YOUR OWN MIND.

Miss Nev. No ; I can guess the quiver from whence that arrow comes.

Mal. Dalkwoud, perhaps ?

Miss Nev. I don't say that.

Mal. Nor I ; I never charge any body ; but upon recollection, the letter in the news-paper is imputed to him. Mrs. Bromley, I know, has no opinion of Sir Harry. His designs, with regard to you, she does not think honourable. My heart interests me for you. — You know I am all heart. The plan which Mrs. Bromley has proposed — Hark ! I think I hear Millamour coming. I'll follow you up stairs.

Miss Nev. Oh ! Sir ! you have frightened me out of my wits. [Exit.

Mal. She loves Sir Harry, I see, and yet she shan't slip thro' my hands. I can set on Mrs. Bromley to lead her a weary life, and if I can prevail upon Millamour to renounce Lady Bell, and marry the widow, my business is done. When Miss Neville is heartily tormented by Mrs. Bromley, affliction softens the mind, and I may then decoy her away, and stand upon terms with the family. But Dalkwoud's wit will fly about. No matter : he is a sad scoundrel, and does not mind how he mudders reputations. So ! here comes Millamour. I must get clear of him, and talk further with Miss Neville.

Enter MILLAMOUR.

Mal. From this moment I blot all other women from my memory. Malvil, with me joy. The perplexity of choice is now at an end.

Mal. Why, what has happened ?

Mal. Lovely Lady Jane. "And yield her charms of mind with sweet delay." — I can't stay to tell you now.

Mal. Nor will I stay to interrupt your raptures. — You know, I wish you success. [Exit.

Enter LADY BELL.

Lady Bell. (reading)

Who yields too soon, must soon her lover lose.

Would you refrain him long ? then long refuse.

Mal.

Mil (looks at her, and smiles) There is something commanding in that air of vivacity.

Lady Bell (reads)

" Oft at your door let him for entrance wait,

There let him"—

How! Millamour here! how could you surprise me so? You horrid thing! how long have you been here?

Mil. Been, Madam?—I have been—I have been in the next room, paying my respects to your sister.

Lady Bell. And never enquired for poor Lady Bell?

Mil. Your Ladyship wrongs me. You do injustice to your own charms: they can never be forgot.

Lady Bell. I see how it is: the other day you was listed in my service, and now a deserter to my sister! You are right, you would have been upon hard duty with me.

Mil. Any duty but a forlorn hope would be—

Lady Bell. Hope!—why sure, you would not have had the intolerable assurance, to entertain the smallest degree of hope? My sister, I suppose, has given you some hope. Ay! that's her way: she moves by settled rules, and shines with equal light. Now I—I am a mere comet, I blaze of a sudden; dazzle for a while, then wheel away, and am thought of no more.

Mil. That gaiety of her's is charming. (aside) The impression your ladyship makes—

Lady Bell. Words: more words:—No: I am a strange piece of wild nature: never the same for two minutes together. Now, my sister, she is a Prussian blue, holds her colour, and is always the same—I—I am a mere changeable ink—I shift about and display my wit, and my folly, so curiously blended, that nobody can tell where one begins or the other ends. I am worth your notice. (walks and hums a tune.)

Mil. (looking at her) She has described herself admirably; without variety, a woman is a downright piece of insipidity.

Lady Bell. Yes; I have my whims. Never the same for two minutes together. Now, I have to give a scope to folly, and the men say, it is a catch her, she pleases more, when in the wrong, than other women

women when they are in the right." Then good sense is the word; and the next moment I can't bear the fatigue of thinking; why won't somebody write a comedy to divert me? Then all spirit, and I long to lead up the ball.

Ladies, like variegated tulips, show

As to their weakness all their charms they owe.

(Sings, and walks about.)

Mil. (aside) Lady Jane is mere mediocrity compared to her.

Lady Bell. Lord! I run on at a strange rate. Yours, Mr. Millamour: An revoir. *(going)*

Mil. A moment longer: you must not leave me: You possess my heart: possess it without a rival.

Lady Bell. Hey! what's the matter now.

Mil. Do not trifle with a passion sincere as mine. I adore you, my Lady Bell: adore your matchless charms; thus on my knees adore.

Lady Bell. Stay, stay; let me see what the poet says. *(reads quick)*

*Open your door let him for entrance wait,
I have let him here, and threaten and entreat.*

There, stay there; don't offer to stir. Now put up both your hands, and pray, pray, have compassion, Lady Bell. *[Exit laughing.]*

MILAMOUR.

*She flies disdainful from her lover's view;
Yet looks and bids him, as she flies, pursue.*

ACT THE THIRD

Enter Lady Jane, and Capt. Bygrave.

Lady Jane.

AND said his commands upon you to address my sister?

Capt. Byg. Most peremptorily.

Lady Jane. You have obeyed him I hope.

Capt.

Cap. Byg. You know your power too well; you know that I am devoted to you, and that my happiness depends upon the promise you have made me.

Lady Jane. There, that is always the way with you men: our smiles are sure marks of approbation; and every civil thing we say, is construed into a promise.

Capt. Byg. And have not you promised?

Lady Jane. *(looks at him, and smiles)* Need I answer that question? How easily frightened you are! but you have some reason to be alarmed. Millamour has been on his knees to me, breathing such ravishes—

Capt. Byg. Ay!—who has set him on?—what can be at the bottom of this?—And have you listened to him?—Here comes Dashwould; he perhaps can explain.

Lady Jane. He will only laugh at us; and so I'll make my escape. *(Going)*

Capt. Byg. Not to hear Millamour again, I hope.

(takes her hand)

Lady Jane. Well, well, to purchase my liberty, you need not fear. I have received his vows, delivered with such ardour!—how terrified you look?—I have listened to him, to alarm my sister with an idea of Millamour's growing passion for me. If her jealousy is once touched, it may fix her resolution. At present she is as volatile as Millamour himself.

Enter DASHWOULD.

Dash. As volatile as Millamour! what can that be? I never knew any thing that would bear a comparison.

Lady Jane. What think you of my sister?

Dash. Lady Bell has her whims. I left her above stairs, in close conference with Millamour; he has deserted your Ladyship already. Mrs. Bromley will be the next, I hope: your father, would Captain, would grieve more for that, than for his deceased wife.

Lady Jane. And then Miss Neville's turn may come.

Dash. Oh! no. To sport with her would be inhumanity. But a brisk widow, is fair game.

Lady Jane. It would be sport, but I despair of it. You know, Mr. Dashwould, you allow that Millamour has understanding.

Dash.

Dash. But he does not act from his understanding.— Fits and starts of passion govern him. If in any one pursuit of real use, he had half the alacrity of mind, with which he runs on, from one folly to another, he would be a man for the ladies to pull caps for. But he lives for ever in inconsistencies. One action of his life is the sure forerunner of the contrary. First Malvil is his favourite! then arm in arm with me: Can any two things be more opposite? It is the same among the ladies! they all have him by turns, and the whim of one moment, is sure to find a ridiculous antithesis in the next.

Lady Jane. He sat for that picture, I'll swear.— Well, there's a gentleman wants your advice, and so I'll leave you together. [Exit.]

Capt. Byg. My dear Dashwould, you must assist me.

Dash. What distresses you?

Capt. Byg. My evil genius is at work. You know what my father has resolved upon. Lady Bell is the person he chuses for me.

Dash. I know all that business: a counterplot of the widow's fertile brain, to disappoint Lady Bell, and wreak her malice on Millamour.

Capt. Byg. But the malice falls on me only. Why will not Millamour know his own mind? Lady Bell loves him; I know she does. I am thwarted in the tenderest point; what must be done?

Dash. Do as they would have you: you ensure success. Millamour's jealousy takes fire upon the first alarm, and while the passion holds, he will have vigour enough to act decisively.

Capt. Byg. May I hazard the Experiment?

Dash. It's a sure card. Take my advice.

Enter Miss NEVILLE.

Miss Nev. Mrs. Bromley's coach has just stopped at the door: had not you better step up stairs, gentlemen?

Enter Sir HARRY.

Sir Harry. Dashwould, you are absent too long. They are all as dull as wax here, above all.

Dash.

Darb. (Aside to Capt. Bygrove) How the Baronet follows Miss Neville from room to room!—Come, Captain, I'll play a game of picquet with you before dinner.—Allons! *[Exit with Capt. Bygrove.]*

Sir Har. If I might have the liberty, ma'am, to—

Miss Nev. Another time, if you please, Sir Harry. Mrs. Bromley is coming: I hear her voice.

Sir Har. And you promise me the hearing?

Miss Nev. You are entitled to it, Sir. I beg you'll leave me now.

Sir Har. I obey your commands; I am gone; you'll remember. *[Exit.]*

Miss Nev. Here she comes; and I think in good humour.

Enter Mrs. BROMLEY.

Mrs. Brom. Oh! I am heartily tired. I have been paying visits to people who have never been let into my house; and who, I hope, will never be at home for me. I hate them all, but out of civility, we must keep up an acquaintance. Where are the girls? Has any body been here?

Miss Nev. Mr. Millamour, ma'am, and the rest of the gentlemen that dine here: they are all above stairs.

Mrs. Brom. Stupidity! did not I give orders—How long has Millamour been here?

Miss Nev. About an hour.

Mrs. Brom. With Lady Bell, I suppose—Thou base ingratitude! and Sir Harry is here too; I reckon. Does your match go on? You shall go back to the country, I promise you. You'll be the ruin of those girls. They shall have no visitors, when my back is turned. I'll give orders to all the servants this very moment. *(going)*

Enter Sir John MILLAMOUR.

Sir John. To see Mrs. Bromley looking so well—

Mrs. Brom. You are very polite, Sir. Business calls me now, Sir John; I beg your pardon. *[Exit.]*

Sir John. Has my son been here to-day?

Miss Nev. He is above stairs with Lady Bell, Sir.

Mrs. Brom. (within) Miss Neville, Neville, I say.

Miss Nev. You'll excuse me, Sir John; what can she want? [Exit.]

Sir John. This visit portends some good, I hope. I shall be happy if he has declared himself. I'll step and see what he is about. *(going)*

Enter MILLAMOUR.

Mil. Exquisite! lovely angel!

Sir John. Well!—how!—what!

Mil. I beg your pardon, Sir; I am not at leisure; I am in the third region; and can't descend to the language of the nether world.

Sir John. Then you are in love, George.

Mil. She is a sister of the Graces, and surpasses the other three. I am fixed; unalterably fixed; and am going about the marriage articles directly.

Sir John. They are at my lawyer's ready engrossed; and only wait for the lady's name, to fill up the blanks.

Mil. I know it, Sir; I must step for them; I have it through my heart: I feel it here: I am your humble servant, Sir: *(going)*

Sir John. No, no, do you stay here; I'll step for Mr. Copyhold. The writings shall be here in ten minutes. [Exit.]

Mil. The sooner the better, Sir.

Let those love now, who never lov'd before;

Let those who always lov'd, now love the more.

(sings) Loll, tol, lol.

Enter MALVIL.

Mal. Bravo! you seem in prodigious spirits.

Mil. I am so: I am happy in myself, and happy in my friends, and happy in every circumstance, and in tip-top spirits, and—my dear Malvil, your's down to the ground.

Mal. Methinks I sympathize with you. When our friends are happy, the sensation is well called a fellow feeling.

Mil. Malvil, I thank you; your turn of mind is suited for lasting friendships. With Dashwould it is all

all dissipation, and giddy mirth, the mere bubble of pleasure. To you, I may talk seriously. The topic of the day is enough for Dashwould. I can now tell you, that I shall be happy for life. But for Dashwould, I should have been settled long ago. That fellow has led me into a thousand errors.

Mal. He has his admirers, and not without reason. He thinks me his enemy, but he is mistaken. I never harbour resentment.

Mil. You are growing grave, and I am a flight above common sense at present.

Mal. Mr. Dashwould, notwithstanding all his faults, does hit the mark sometimes. I don't usually laugh at his pleasantries; I don't like to encourage him too much; but it must be owned, he is often right. Behind his back I cannot help being diverted by him. He has a quick insight into characters.

Mil. No want of penetration there.

Mal. No, no; he says, and perhaps rightly, your lively ladies often want common prudence; and giddy in the pursuit of pleasure, they are frequently miserable in the end.

Mil. But Lady Bell's good sense, that refinement of understanding——

Mal. There are false refinements; the shadow for the substance. Who is it that observes, we all discover early symptoms of the disease, by which our minds and bodies go to ruin?

Mil. Po! with Lady Bell there can be no risk.

Mal. I don't know whether Dashwould is good authority—You know him best. He says——

Mil. Well!

Mal. He is a shrewd observer.

Mil. Nobody more so.

Mal. If he has a regard for any body, it is for you. You are the only man I never heard him speak ill of. A match with Lady Bell is not to his mind. He talk'd seriously on the subject. Has not he told you?

Mil. Not a syllable.

Mal. I wonder at that. Lady Bell, he says, flew'd herself early. Impatient of advice, attentive to no-

thing but her beauty ! whole days at her looking glass—I repeat his very words—he seemed to speak out of downright regard for you.—At her toilette every feature had its instructions how to look ; but no instruction for the mind. And, says he, that terrible love of gaming !

Mil. Gaming !

Mal. Don't you know it ? I can't say I ever saw it myself. Time will determine her character.

Mil. If she loves gaming, it is pretty well determined already.

Mal. Perhaps not : I still hope for the best.

Mil. Why yes ; a man of sense may form her mind, and then the gentler affections may take their turn.

Mal. The very thing I said.—But our pleasant friend had an answer ready—Gentle affections, says he ! don't you see that it is with people that once love play, as with people addicted to strong cordials ? they never return to cooler liquors.

Mil. There is some truth in that. I am for ever obliged to you. It is ingenuous, it is friendly in you to convey the hint.

Mal. Don't build too much upon it. I have told you my author ; and you know his way : he may deny it all.

Mil. Shall I talk to him ?

Mal. I don't know what to say to that. In his vein of pleasantry, he may give it another turn.

Mil. He may so. I am glad to know all this. But my Lady Jane, there's a model for her sex to imitate.

Mal. Have you watch'd her well ? People should appear what they really are. Let a precipice look like a precipice. When covered with flowers, it only serves to deceive the unwary. Mrs. Bromley has been very communicative about Lady Jane.

Mil. You alarm me. My dear friend explain.

Mal. To do Lady Bell justice, she is above disguise. And though she has her faults, I have seen her please by those very faults.

Mil. (*Smiling.*) And so have I. Her very blemishes are beauty spots.

Mal. No frankness about the youngest girl. It is friendship

friendship for you that makes me speak. Her character is all forced, studied, put on with her rouge.

Mil. Does she paint?

Mal. A little; the prudent touch. I am sorry for her. When she is settled in the world, many qualities, which now lie concealed, will break out into open daylight.

Mil. What a masked battery there will be to play off upon her husband!

Mal. Their aunt told me in confidence. You may judge how painful it is to her. I have known the family for some time. I can't but be sorry for the young ladies.

Mil. And since this is the case, I don't care how little I know of them, or the family.

Mal. No occasion to quarrel with the family. Great merit about Mrs. Bromley. She made an admirable wife and that at an early period. She was but seventeen when she was married.

Mil. No more?

Mal. Not an hour: she is not thirty: an estate in her own right, and the command of half a borough. No opposition there; the old houses have the votes. A man may get a seat without trouble. Does not Sir John want to see you in parliament?

Mil. It would give him pleasure.

Mal. Well, you will judge for yourself. Were I as you, I should know what course to take. Here she comes! a good fine woman! a man may there sit down to his happiness at once.

Enter Mrs. BROMLEY.

Mrs. Brom. Mr. Millamour, (*scarcely*) Mr. Malvil, what have you done with Mr. Bygrove?

Mal. I parted with him where you set us down. (*speaks to her aside*) I have talked to Millamour, and I think it will do.

Mrs. Brom. Go you up stairs. (*aside to Malvil.*)

Mal. How charmingly you look! like Lady Ball's eldest Sister!

Mrs. Brom. Po! you are laughing at me.

Mal. Not I truly : I appeal to Millamour. I'll take the liberty to join the company above. (*aside to Millamour*) She is the best of the family. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Brom. A valuable man Mr. Malvil is ! He has a great esteem for you, Sir. His sincerity is unequall'd. You seem thoughtful, Mr. Millamour.

Mil. Thoughtful, Ma'am—There are certain subjects that—what Malvil says is true—A man may marry her, and sit down to his happiness at once. (*aside*)

Mrs. Brom. Sir John has been saying a great deal to me about you !

Mil. Has he, Ma'am !—There is a circumstance, which he is as yet a stranger to—a circumstance, which to communicate, will perhaps—It is what I have long wished, and—

Mrs. Brom. Faultering ! hesitating ! (*aside*) I interrupt you.

Mil. There is a circumstance, Ma'am—the affair is—My father for a long time—Sir John, for a long time—Sir John has wished—

Mrs. Brom. To see you married ?

Mil. To see me married, Ma'am—and—he has—he has wished it much.—And a settlement, by way of jointure—long ready for the lady's name—that is—any lady, who shall honour me with her affection—and—

Mrs. Brom. No lady can be insensible of your pretensions.

Mil. You are very good Ma'am ; and after long observation, and a lasting passion grafted upon it, which, tho' silent hitherto,—yet working secretly—when disclosed at length—may to the person in the world—who already formed by experience, may in every respect—and if without presuming too far.

Mrs. Brom. What a delicate confusion he is in. (*aside.*)

Mil. And if this paper, Ma'am—

Mrs. Brom. (*taking the paper*) When given by you, Sir—

Enter BYGROVE.

Mrs. Brom. Perverse and cruel ! (*walks aside*)

Byg. You both look grave ; nothing amiss, I hope:

Mrs. Brom. Every thing is as it should be, Sir.

Mil.

Mil. Not if he knew all. (*aside*)

Byg. Sir John has been complaining—

Mrs. Brom. Pass that by; advise your own son; had not you better step up stairs? Mr. Millamour will do what is right. (*smiling at him*) You may leave it all to him; trust to his judgment.

Enter Sir HARRY.

Sir Har. Millamour, I have such a story for you: Malvil and Dashwould have been quarrelling about you, and—

Byg. Po! and here they all come; I knew the substance could not be far off, when the shadow projected before it.

Enter Lady BELL, DASHWOULD, and MALVILL.

Lady Bell. Mr. Dashwould, do you think I'll bear this? What liberty will you take next? You think, because I laugh, that I am not offended.—Aunt, I received a letter, and he has attempted to snatch it from me.

Dash. Why it brings a little cargo of ridicule from the country, and my friend Malvil sees no joke in it.

Mal. When my friend's name is brought in question, Sir—

Lady Bell. It is diverting notwithstanding.—Aunt, what do you think? My Cousin Cynthia, you know, was to be married to Sir George Squanderstock; her mother opposed it, and broke off the match, and now it's come out, that she was all the time the clandestine rival of her own daughter.

Mal. Not inapplicable to the present business. (*aside*)

Mrs. Brom. Go, you giddy girl, no such thing!

Mil. (*aside*) She charms by her very faults.

Sir Har. (*goes up to Bygrove*) And Dashwould has been saying—

Byg. Po! repeat none of his sayings to me.

Lady Bell. Did you say any thing, Mr. Dashwould? What was it?

Dash. Oh! nothing, Sir George Squanderstock is my very good friend.

Mal.

Mal. And for that reason you might spare him. No man is without his faults.

Dash. Ay, allow him faults out of tenderness.

Egg. Sir George is a valuable man, Sir, and represents his county to great advantage.

Dash. He does so; takes a world of pains; nothing can escape him; Manilla ransom not paid; there must be a motion about that matter: he knots his handkerchief to remember it.—Scarcity of corn! another knot—triennial parliaments—(*knots*) Juries judges of law as well as fact (*knots*) national debt (*knots*) bail in criminal cases (*knots*) and so on he goes, till his handkerchief is twisted into questions of state; the liberties and fortunes of all posterity dangling like a bede roll; he puts it in his pocket, drives to the gaming table, and the next morning his handkerchief goes to the wash, and his country and the minority are both left in the luds.

Lady Bell. What a description!

Sir Har. Hey! lively Lady Bell!

} *both laugh.*

Mil. Ho! ho! I thank you Dashwould.

Mrs. Brom. (*aside to Millamour*) How can you encourage him? Let us leave 'em to themselves.

Mal. You see, Mr. Bygrove—

Egg. Ay! thus he gets a story to graft his malice upon, and then he sets the table in a roar at the next tavern.

Sir Har. Never be out of humour with Dashwould, Mr. Bygrove; he keeps me alive; he has been exhibiting pictures of this sort all the morning, as we rambled about the town.

Dash. Oh! no; no pictures; I have shewn him real life.

Sir Har. Very true, Dashwould: and now mind him: he will touch them off to the life for you.

Mrs. Brom. Millamour so close with Lady Bell! the forward importunity of that girl. (*aside and goes to Millamour.*)

Dash. There is positively no such thing as going about this town, without seeing enough to split your sides with laughing. We called upon my friend Sir Volatile Vainlove: he, you know, shines in all polite assemblies, and

and is, if you believe himself, of the first character for intrigue. We found him drinking Valerian tea for his breakfast, and putting on false calves.

Sir Har. And the confusion he was in, when we entered the room!

Dasb. In the next street, we found Jack Spinbrain, a celebrated poet, with a kept mistress at his elbow, writing lampoons for the news-paper; one moment murdering the reputation of his neighbours, and the next a suicide of his own.—We saw a young heir, not yet of age, granting annuity bonds, and five Jews and three Christians, duped by their avarice to lend money upon them. A lawyer—

Sir Har. Hear, hear; it is all true. I was with him.

Dasb. A lawyer taking notes upon Shakespeare: a deaf Nabob ravished with music, and a blind one buying pictures. Men without talents, rising to preferment, and real genius going to jail.—An officer in a marching regiment with a black eye, and a French hair-dresser wounded in the sword arm.

Sir Har. Oh! ho! ho! by this light I can vouch for every word.

Byg. Go on, Sir Harry, are your friend in all his follies? be the nimble marmozet; grin at his tricks, and try to play them over again yourself.

Sir Har. Well now, that is too severe: *Dasb.* would, defend me from his wit. You know I hoard up all your good things.

Dasb. You never pay me in my own coin, Sir Harry: try now; who knows but you will say something?

Mal. Friend or foe it is all alike.

Lady Bell. (*coming forward*) And where is the mighty harm? I like pulling to pieces of all things.

Mil. (*following Lady Bell*) To be sure it is the life of conversation. Does your Ladyship know Sir George Squanderstock's sister?

Lady Bell. I have seen her.

Mil. She is a politician in petticoats; a fierce republican; she talks of the dagger of Brutus, while she settles a pin in her tucker; and says more about ship money, than pin money.

Byg.

Byg. And now you must turn buffoon?

Dash. I know the lady; she scolds at the loyalists, gossips against the act of settlement, and has the fidgets for magna charta.

Mil. She encourages a wrinkle against bribery; flirts her fan at the ministry, and bites her lips at taxes, and a standing army.

-Mal. Mr. Bygrove, will you bear all this?

Enter Miss NEVILLE, and whispers Mrs. BROMLEY.

Mrs. Brom. Very well, Neville, I'll come presently.

[Exit Miss NEVILLE.]

Mal. (looking at Miss Neville.) I shall stay no longer.
Mr. Bygrove, will you walk? *[Exit.]*

Byg. No, Sir, I shall not leave the enen; in this room behind me: a bad translator of an antient poet, is not so sure to deface his original, as his licentious strain to disparage every character.

Dash. Sir Harry, he will neither give, nor take a joke.

Sir Har. No, I told you so.

Byg. Let me tell you once for all, Sir——

Dash. I wish you would.

Byg. Why interrupt? Do you know what I was going to say?

Dash. No, do you?

Mil. I'll leave e'm to themselves.

[Steals out.]

Mrs. Brom. (aside) Millamour.

[Exit.]

Byg. Let me tell you, Sir, with all your flashes of wit, you will find that you have been playing with an edge-tool at last. And what does this mighty wit amount to? The wit in vogue exposes one man; makes another expose himself; gets into the secrets of an intimate acquaintance, and publishes a story to the world; betrays a friend; puts an anecdote, a letter, an epigram into the news-paper; and that to the whole amount of modern wit.

Dash. A strain of morose invective is more diverting, to be sure.

Byg. (looking about for Mrs. Bromley.) Well, Sir, we'll ajourn the debate. You may go on; misrepresent every thing; if there is nothing ridiculous, invent a story:

story : and when you have done it, it is but a cheap and a frivolous talent. Has a lady a good natural bloom ? Her paint must be an expensive article. Does she look grave ? She will sin the deeper. Is she gay and affable ? Her true character will come out at the Commons. That is the whole of your art, and I leave you to the practice of it. (*going*)

Dash. Satyrical Bygrove ! now the widow has him in tow.

Byg. (*turning back*) Could not you stay till my back was fairly turned ? [*Exit.*]

Dash. What a look there was !

Lady Bell. At what a rate you run on ! you keep the field against them all.

Dash. Sir Harry, step up, and watch him with the widow.

Sir Har. I will ; dont stay too long.

Dash. I'll follow you : and hark, make your party good with Miss Neville.

Sir Har. You see, Lady Bell, a sling at every body. [*Exit.*]

Dash. The Baronet does not want parts ; that is to say, he has very good materials to play the fool with. I shall get him to marry Miss Neville.

Lady Bell. Bring that about, and you will for once do a serious action, for which every body will honour you.

Dash. In the mean time do you watch your aunt Bromley : she is your rival.

Lady Bell. Rival ? That would be charming !

Dash. It is even so. Now Millamour's understanding is good, but his passions quick : if you play your cards right—

Lady Bell. Are you going to teach me how to manage a man.

Dash. Coquetry will never succeed with him. A quicksand does not shift so often as his temper. You must take him at his word, and never give him time to change, and veer about.

Lady Bell. Totally out of nature.

Dash. Oh ! very well. I give up the point. [*Exit.*]

Lady Bell. You may leave the man to my management.

ment. My aunt Bromley rival me! that would be delightful.

Enter Lady JANE.

Lady Bell. Well, sister!

Lady Jane. Can you be serious for a moment?

Lady Bell. Well, the solemnity of that look! Must I set my face by yours, and contract a wrinkle, by a formal economy of features, which you, like the rest of the world, mistake for wisdom?

Lady Jane. Will you hear me? They are hurrying this match too fast, I think. Sir John is come, and his lawyer is expected every moment. He wants to conclude the affair this day, and my aunt does not oppose it. But I don't like all this hurry.

Lady Bell. And why need you be concerned about it?

Lady Jane. Do you think Millamour capable of love?

Lady Bell. For the moment. It will be difficult to fix him.

Lady Jane. What would you have me do?

Lady Bell. Do?—Nothing.

Lady Jane. How silly! you know it is not my seeking.

Lady Bell. What are you about? Talking in your sleep again? *Lady Jane,* wake yourself. What have you taken into your head?

Lady Jane. Why, since Mr. Millamour has prevailed with me—

Lady Bell. His affections then are fixed upon you?—Why the man has been dying at my feet, with a face as rueful as a love elegy.

Lady Jane. You will permit me to laugh in my turn.

Lady Bell. Oh! I can laugh with you, and at you, and at him too. This gives spirit to the business: here are difficulties, and difficulties enhance victory, and victory is triumph.

Lady Jane. Very well! oh! brave! laugh away! you will be undeceived presently.—If this does not take, I am at the end of my line. *[Exit.]*

Lady Bell. What does all this mean? Rival'd, outwitted by my sister! Insupportable! This begins to grow serious,

Enter

Enter MILLAMOUR.

Mil. 'Sdeath! she here! Sir John is quite impatient, and I am going for his attorney.

Lady Bell. And Lady Jane is impatient too: she is the object of your choice.

Mil. Lady Jane! you are pleasant, very pleasant?

Lady Bell. She has told me with inflexible gravity!

Mil. She is a great wit; and great wits have great quickness of invention; and so a story is easily dressed up. I could crack my sides with laughing. If trifling civilities have been received as a declaration of love—

Lady Bell. And is that the case? Very whimsical indeed!

Mil. Yes, very whimsical! I am eternally yours, ma'am, and I am on the wing, and your Ladyship's adorer. (*going*)

Enter Lady JANE.

Lady Jane. (*aside*) Now 'to plague 'em both.—Sister, you may hear it from himself.

Mil. Confusion!

Lady Bell. That lady, Sir, has the strangest notion.—

Lady Jane. You will be so good as to explain all to my sister.

Mil. (*aside*) Both upon me at once.—I have explained, madam, and all further talk about it is unnecessary.

Lady Bell. Only to satisfy her curiosity.

Lady Jane. To shew my sister her mistake.

Mil. (*to Lady Jane*) I have made every thing clear ma'am.—(*to Lady Bell*) Have not I, Lady Bell? And—(*turns to Lady Jane*) every thing now upon a proper footing.

Lady Jane. Very well; only give her to understand.

Mil. Your understanding is admirable. (*turns to Lady Bell*) I told you she would talk in this style. (*turns to Lady Jane*) You are perfectly right, and nobody understands things better. (*turns to Lady Bell*) Nobody whatever. (*looks and laughs at both by turns*)

Lady

KNOW YOUR OWN MIND.

Lady Bell. But give me leave. You must speak out, Sir.

Mil. (aside to Lady Bell) Never argue about it, it is not worth your while.

Lady Jane. There is some mystery in all this.

Mil. No; all very clear: *(to Lady Jane)* drop it for the present.

Lady Bell. But I desire no doubt may remain.

Lady Jane. And I don't like to be kept in suspense.

Mil. Distraction! I am like a lawyer, that has taken fees on both sides. You do me honour, ladies; but upon my soul I can't help laughing. It will divert us some day or other, this will. Oh! ho! ho! I shall die with laughing. *(breaks from them.)*

Enter Mrs. BROMLEY and Sir JOHN.

Mrs. Brom. What is all this uproar for?

Mil. Another witness of my folly! *(runs to the other side.)*

Enter DASHWOULD.

Dash. Millamour, I give you joy. Mr. Copyhold, your attorney is come with the deeds. What's the matter?

Mil. The strangest adventure! I can't stay now. The ladies have been very pleasant. You love humour, and they have an infinite deal. I'll come to you in a moment. *[Exit.]*

Sir John. George, don't run away: let us finish the business.

Dash. If he says he'll marry, you may depend upon him. A poet determined to write no more, or a gamester forswearing play, is not so sure to keep his word. I wish I may die, if I don't think him as much to be relied upon as a prime minister.

Lady Bell. Aunt? Would you believe it? The demure Lady Jane—*(bursts into a laugh)*—She has taken such a fancy into her head! Millamour she thinks is up to the eyes in love with her.

Mrs. Brom. Ha! ha! ha! poor Lady Jane.

Lady Jane.

Lady Jane. And my sister's pride is hurt. She carries it with an air, as if she had made a complete conquest.

Mrs. Brom. How ridiculous the girls are! your son has opened his mind to you, Sir John?

Sir John. He has, and I approve of his choice. I hope it is as agreeable to you, as to his father.

Mrs. Brom. I don't know how to refuse my consent.

Enter BYGROVE, listening.

Byg. What does all this mean?

Dash. As I could wish. There he is. *(seeing Bygrove.)*

Mrs. Brom. Since it has your approbation, Sir John, I believe I must yield my consent. I never thought to marry again, but since you will have it so——

Sir John. Lady Bell I understand, is willing to do me the honour of being my daughter in law.

Lady Bell. Oh! oh! oh! oh! this makes amends for all. My dear aunt Bromley, are you imposed upon? Did you listen to the traitor's vows?—The dear, perfidious? *(laughs violently)*

Dash. He will soon be settled, Sir John, since there are now three rival goddesses contending for him. Mr. Bygrove, you are come in good time.

Byg. What fool's part are you to play now? *(coming forwards)*

Mrs. Brom. Sir John, I desire I may not be made your sport: have not I here, under his hand, a declaration of his mind; here, in this copy of verses, given me by himself, an earnest of his affection?

Lady Bell. Verses! aunt?

Lady Jane. Verses to you?

Mrs. Brom. Verses to me: only hear, Sir John.

(reads)

" I look'd, and I sigh'd, and I wish'd I could speak,
" And fain would have paid adoration."

Lady Bell. Stay, mine begin the same way. *(takes out a paper)*

Lady Jane. The very words of mine. (*takes out a paper*)

Mrs. Brom. Will those girls have done? (*reads*):

"But when I endeavour'd the matter to break,"

Lady BELL: (*reads*)

"Still then I said least of my passion."

Mrs. Brom. Will you be quiet. (*reads*)

"Still then I said least of my passion;

"I swore to myself——"

Lady BELL. (*reads fast*)

"And resolv'd I would try."

Mrs. BROMLEY, and Lady BELL, (*reading together*)

"Some way my poor heart to recover."

Lady JANE, Lady BELL, and Mrs. BROMLEY,
(*reading eagerly together.*)

"But that was all vain, for I sooner could die,

"Than live with forbearing to love her."

Lady Bell. Oh! ho! ho! ho! Mr. Dashwould, what a piece of work has he made?

Dash. And the verses copied from Congreve.

Lady Bell. Copied from Congreve! (*laughs heartily*)

Mrs. Brom. There, Sir John, there is your son's behaviour.

Dash. There, Mr. Bygrove, there is the widow's behaviour.

Byg. And now, Mr. Dashwould, now for your wit.

Mrs. Brom. (*to Sir John*) I am not disappointed in the least, sir.

Sir John. I never was so covered with confusion.

Lady Bell. I never was so diverted in all my days.

Dash. He has acted with great propriety upon the occasion.

Mrs. Brom. He has made himself very ridiculous. He has exposed no body but himself. Contempt is the only passion he can excite. A crazy, mad, absurd——
(*tearing the paper*)

Lady

A C O M E D Y.

53

Lady Bell. Ha! ha! ha! so whimsical a character—

Mrs. Brom. (*throwing the fragments about*) This behaviour will give him prodigious lustre. He will shine after this. I hope his visits will cease at this house.

Byg. (*going up to Mrs. Bromley.*) If ever you marry again, similitude of temper must do it.

Mrs. Brom. Distraction! must you plague me too?

Byg. You have appeared with an air, but it was all struggling.

Mrs. Brom. I cannot bear this.

Byg. Heavens knows how you have struggled!

Mrs. Brom. And you too? (*mimicks him*) "A match in your family has diverted me of late," I renounce you all. Come, Lady Bell, Lady Jane, let us leave them to themselves. *[Exit.]*

Lady Jane. You would not believe me, sister.

Lady Bell. Oh! this to me is as good as a comedy. *[Exit.]*

Darb. (*to Bygrove.*) What shall I give you for your chance?

Byg. More than I'll give you for your wit. And there's your answer. *[Exit.]*

Darb. The old pike is hooked, and struggles till at the end of her line.

Sir John. Mr. Darb would, speak to this silly young man. You have influence over him. Keep him to dinner. You will for ever oblige me. I must go and pacify the ladies. *[Exit.]*

Darb. Poor Millamour? Dryden has painted him to a hair.

"Blest gadman, who can every hour employ,
With something new to wish, or to enjoy."

ACT

ACT

ACT THE FOURTH.

Enter DASHWOULD and Sir HARRY.

DASHWOULD:

THIS way, Sir Harry. While they are all engaged in the pleasures of the table, I want a word with you in private.

Sir Harry. With that face of importance! what is coming now?

Dash. Listen to me: know a little of the subject before you give your opinion.

Sir Harry. I am all attention.

Dash. Did you mark Miss Neville at dinner?

Sir Harry. You know I did. And when Mrs. Bromley railed at her—

Dash. She railed at her with a littleness of spirit, that disgraced wealth and affluence, and gave to poverty the superior character. You must have seen in the behaviour of that girl, though treated with pride and arrogance, a propriety that was elegant, and went even further; it interested every heart for her. She is the best of the group. Were I at the head of such a fortune as yours, to chuse a wife, she should be the object of my affection.

Sir Harry. You have some scheme in all this.

Dash. I have; to serve you. I should mortify the pride of Mrs. Bromley, by placing a valuable, but helpless young lady upon a level with her at once.

Sir Harry. (*bursts into a laugh*) This is to end in some joke.

Dash. Wait for the wit before you laugh. I am in serious earnest. Her understanding is the best among them. The others are all artificial; she is a natural character; and if I am not mistaken, has a heart. If I wanted heirs to my estate, she should be the mother of my children.

Sir Harry. Were I to be the dupe of all this, how you would laugh at me? Ha! ha! ha! I know you too well.

Dash.

Dasb. Again! laughing without the provocation of a joke. Don't be the dupe of your own cunning. I know you love her; and will it not be a generosity worthy of you, to extricate merit in distress? Nay the merit you admire? The merit which would do honour to the choice of any man in England?

Sir Harry. Well, I cannot contain. *(laughs heartily)*

Dasb. What's the matter?

Sir Harry. The scrape in which you involved Millamour with the widow!

Dasb. Foolish! that was Malvil's doing. You'll hear more of it by and by. There is an under plot in all his actions. I advise you for the best. Here is a lady in question, untainted by the fashions of the age. Make her your own. She has no fortune; what then? Shew yourself superior to the sordid views that govern the little mercenary spirits of the world.

Sir Harry. *(laughs)* I have just recollected what you said of Jack Invoice, upon his marriage.

Dasb. Jack Invoice! He never was intended for any thing but to be laughed at. Upon the death of a rich uncle in the city, he comes to the west end of the town with a plumb in his pocket, and not an idea in his head; marries a fantastical woman of rank, and with a sovereign contempt of all his former acquaintance, mixes with lords and people of quality, who win his money, and throw his wig in the fire to divert themselves. He laughs at their wit, and thinks himself in good company.

Sir Harry. Admirable! you have him to a hair—*(laughing heartily)*

Dasb. *(laughing)* Hey! the picture is like—*(laughs)*
—Pretty well, is not it?

Sir Harry. Oh! ho! ho! the very thing! poor Jack Invoice! you have hunted him down.

Dasb. Have I? Yes, I think I have been pleasant upon him. But come; to our point: in marrying Miss Neville there is nothing ridiculous. You like her, that's clear.

Sir Harry. But she does not like me, and that's as clear.

clear. Somebody has done me a prejudice there. She received this letter, and gave it to me to read.

Dash. (reads) "To Miss Neville—(opens it) Without a name?"

Sir Har. A poison'd arrow in the dark.

Dash. (reads) "Anonymous letters are generally the effect of clandestine malice; this comes from a friend. If your honour, your virtue, and your peace of mind are worth your care, avoid the acquaintance of Sir Harry. He is the deceiver of innocence, and means to add your name to the list of those whom his treachery has already ruined. Make use of this hint, and act accordingly."—A pretty epistle—(pauses) Don't I know this hand?—So, so! I understand it: I can trace this: say no more, Sir Harry: pursue Miss Neville the closer for this. Will you let such a fellow as Malvil, rob you of a treasure?"

Sir Har. You don't suspect him?

Dash. Leave it all to me. Assure Miss Neville that this shall be cleared up. Hush! we are interrupted: go and join the company.

Enter MALVIL.

Sir Har. Phew! pox! the company without you—

Dash. Very well; leave me now: [*Exit Sir Harry*] What's the matter, Malvil?

Mal. It will be over presently; a sudden sensation; I can't bear to see others made unhappy. Mrs. Bromley is a very valuable woman, but at times rather violent.

Dash. And that's much to be lamented, is not it?

Mal. You may laugh at it, Sir, but I think it a serious matter. I left poor Miss Neville in a flood of tears, and—here she comes.

Enter Miss NEVILLE.

Dash. Not rising from table so soon?

Miss Nev. Excuse me, Sir, I had rather not stay.

Dash. Never mind Mrs. Bromley's humours; come, we will all take your part.

Miss Nev. I am not fit for company, Sir.

Dash.

Daph. I am sorry to lose you: I'll leave you with my worthy friend; he will administer consolation. [*Exit.*

Miss New. Was there ever such inhuman tyranny? Insulted before the whole company!

Mal. It hurts me to the quick. I could not have believed her capable of such violence.

Miss New. You saw that I gave her no provocation.

Mal. It pains me to see what I do.

Miss New. She breaks out, in such passionate onsets, and never considers that an overbearing pride is the worst of cruelty to an ingenuous mind.

Mal. There are few who know how to confer an obligation. A disinterested action gives such moments of inward pleasure! Oh! there are moments of the heart, worth all the giddy pleasures of life. One benevolent action pays so amply, and yields such exquisite interest, that I wonder people are not fond of laying out their money in that way.

Miss New. During the whole time of dinner, it was one continued invective against me.

Mal. Millamour's behaviour had disconcerted her. But that is no excuse. Goodness by fits, and generosity out of mere whim, can never constitute a valuable character. I am sorry to see you so afflicted.

Miss New. You are very good, Sir.

Mal. No, I have no merit in it; the instincts of my nature leave me no choice. I have studied myself, and I find I am only good by instinct. I am strangely interested for you. I have thought much of your situation: our time is short; they will be all rising from table, presently. Attend to what I say: since Mrs Bromley is so incessant in her tyranny, do as I already hinted to you. Withdraw from this house at once. Madam la Rouge has an apartment ready for you. You may there remain concealed. In the mean time I shall be at work for you. I shall prevail upon Mrs. Bromley to keep her word, about the five thousand pounds. That added to what is in my power, will make a handsome settlement for you.

Miss New. You heard what she said to Sir Harry.

Mal. She wants to drive you to some act of despair; perhaps

perhaps to give you up a sacrifice to Sir Harry's loose desires.

Miss New. Are you so clear about Sir Harry?

Mal. (*aside*) 'Sdeath! I see she loves him.—Hereafter I will open a scene to astonish you. (*pauses and looks at her*) You can never be happy under this roof. Mrs. Bromley will make this quarrel up, I know she will. The whole of her virtue consists in repentance, but what kind of repentance? A specious promise to reform her conduct, and a certain return of the same vices.

Miss New. She has made me desperate. I can stay here no longer. I'll go back to the country. I shall there be at peace.

Mal. You will be there too much out of the way. When you are settled at Madam La Rouge's, the haughty Mrs. Bromley will see to what she has driven you, and for the sake of her character, will begin to relent. Sir Harry must not know where you are. He means your ruin, I am sorry to say it, but I can give you such convincing proof——

Enter Mrs. Bromley.

Mrs. Brom. Do you go to your room, madam; let me see you no more to-day.

Mal. It was a mere unguarded word that fell from Miss Neville. (*speaks to Mrs. Bromley aside*) Millamour is ashamed of his conduct. He is under my influence still: I shall mould him to your wishes.

Mrs. Brom. (*aside to him*) I am a fool to think any more about him. Go to him: watch him all day; you will not find me ungrateful. (*loud*) And pray tell those girls to come up stairs. [*Exit Malvil*] Mighty well, madam. (*to Miss Neville*) You must sit next to Sir Harry: you have pretensions, have you? And you must vouch for Lady Bell too? She does not love gaming! that story is all calumny: bespeak yourself a place in the stage coach; you shall quit this house, I promise you.

Miss New. It will be the last time I shall receive those orders, madam. Your favours are so embittered; there

there is such a leaven of pride, even in your acts of bounty, that I cannot wish to be under any further obligations. If doing justice to lady Bell, in avowing my sentiments in the cause of so amiable a friend, can give you umbrage, I am not fit to remain in this house.

Exit.

Mrs. Brom. O brave! you shall travel. Give her a fortune! No, let lady Bell reward her. How!—
Millamour, as I live.

Enter MILLAMOUR.

Mil. Deliver me, fate! she here:—*Madam*—
I—I—I—you are not going to leave us, I hope.

Enter Sir JOHN.

Mrs. Brom. (*Smiling at Millamour*) And how can you look me in the face?

Mil. (*Seeing Sir John*) I am glad you are come, Sir, I wanted to—

Mrs. Brom. Perverse! what brings Sir John? (*aside*) I shall expect you above stairs, gentlemen. I must try once more to fix that irresolute, inconstant man.

[Exit.]

Sir John. What a day's work have you made here?

Mil. Sir!

Sir John. Can you expect any good from all this? Ever doing and undoing! These proceedings are terrible to your father.

Mil. You know, Sir, that to gratify you is the height of my ambition.

Sir John. For shame! don't imagine that you can deceive me any longer. Are you to be for ever in suspense? Always resolving, and yet never decided? Never knowing your own mind for five minutes?

Mil. I have not been hasty to determine.

Sir John. My indulgence has been made too ridiculous. You will force me to tell you my mind in harsher terms than I ever thought I should have occasion to do.

Mil. What has happened to-day, was but a mere frolic, and it has all passed off in little a raillery,

Sir

Sir John. And do you think that sufficient? While you remain insensible of your folly; transferring your inclinations from one object to another; hurried away by every casualty, you will prove the jest of all your acquaintance. You will cease to live before you have begun.

Mil. This is rather too much, sir. If I have in a few instances, departed from a resolution that seemed fixed, you know very well, it is not uncommon; and when a person means an extraordinary leap, he retires back, to take advantage of the ground, and spring forward with the greater vigour.

Sir John. And thus you amuse yourself, compounding upon easy terms, for the folly of every hour. There is no relying upon you.

Mil. After all, sir, it is the prudent part to consider every thing. The ladies were rather hasty in their conclusion. In our moments of reflection, as objects pass before us, opinion will wear different colours.

Sir John. The very chameleon has that merit: but is there to be nothing inward? No self governing principle? A ship without a pilot, without rudder, or compass, is as likely to avoid rocks and quick-sands, as you to steer clear of ruin.

Mil. You seem exasperated, but I really do not see the cause.

Sir John. No?—Can't you feel how absurd it is to be always beginning the world? For ever in a doubt? Day after day embarking in new projects, nay twenty different projects in one day, and often in an hour.

Mil. Spare my confusion: I feel my folly; I feel it all; and let my future conduct——

Sir John. George, can I take your word? I know you have been at the gaming table.

Mil. At the gaming table?

Sir John. Say no more: I know it all: after the indulgence I have shewn you, I now see that my hopes are all to be disappointed. If you have a mind to atone for what is past, pursue one certain plan, and be somebody. The time now opens a new scene, and calls for other manners. Reform your conduct, and I shall be

be

A C O M E D Y.

61

be happy. But I am tired of this eternal levity; my patience is wore out. I shall stay no longer in this house to be a witness of your absurdity. [Exit.]

Mil. I have made myself very ridiculous here. I can't shew my face any more in this family. I'll go back to the Temple, and not marry these ten years. The law leads to great things: a seat in parliament, a vote or two against your conscience, a silk gown, and a judge; that's the course of things. I'll pursue my ambition.—Honest friend, *(calls to a servant)* hist! honest friend, will you be so good as just to get my hat?

Enter DASHWOUND.

Dash. No, I bar hats. What? going to desert us? The sport is but just beginning. Bygrove has been lecturing his son, and quarrelling with Malvil. The integrity of that honest gentleman is suspected at last. He was the worthiest man in the world this morning, as good a creature as ever was born, but now he has sold himself to the widow. Lady Bell has been lively upon the occasion; and Malvil to support his spirits, has plyed the Burgundy, till he looks the very picture of hypocrisy, with a ruddy complexion, and a sparkling eye.

Mil. You may divert yourself, sir; I have done with them all.

Dash. But I can't part with you: you shall see us? Malvil shall have no quarter: he will stick to his glass till his charity for his neighbour begins to sugar; then off drops the mask: he will have courage enough to rail at mankind, and his true character will come forth, like letters in lemon juice before the fire.

Mil. Po! absurd! I am on the rack. Why did you force me to stay dinner? I have been so weary, so involous.

Dash. How so? Because you changed your mind? There is nothing more natural. Don't you see them doing the same thing every day? Down goes the old mansion; a new one rises; exotic trees smile on the landscape, and enjoy the northern air; and when the whole is finished, in less than a twelve month, the architect mounts his pulpit. "Pleasing contiguity"—"Beautiful

ful, and picturesque scene"—"Delectably featured by Nature"—"Shall I say twenty thousand?"—Down it goes to the "highest bidder, who pays his money, and runs away the next morning with an opera singer to Italy.

Mil. (*laughing*). Why, yes, we see these things every day.

Dash. No doubt; men are fickle, and inconstant.

Mil. Very true; it is the way through life; in the lowest rank, as well as the highest. You shan't see a journeyman Weaver, but he has his disgust, like a Lord, and changes his lodging, his house of call, his barber, and his field preacher.

Dash. Certainly; and then there is a real charm in variety. Besides what you did to day, was a mere frolic.

Mil. Nothing more; and that fellow, Malvil, was the occasion of it. My heart never rightly warmed to that man. I shall never consult him again. Affairs were in a right train, if he had not interposed.

Dash. You shall have your revenge. I have a mine to mine will blow him up—(*laughs*). His advice to-day has served to produce the widow's character.

Mil. Yes, it has given a display of her. (*laughs*) How could he think me in earnest? Marry her! I would go into the army sooner.

Dash. A good pretty trade, the army; if you are killed in battle, it is your fault; if you conquer, you may retire, and live very prettily upon half pay.

Mil. Very true; the law is a more certain road.

Dash. A good agreeable life, the law is. For ever entangled in the webwork of Westminster-hall; and you help to spin them yourself into the meshes.

Mil. And at the end of twenty years, you are thought a good promising young man.

Dash. In the mean time you are constantly hiring out your lungs, and ever in a passion about other people's affairs.

Mil. And the whole circuit, in hopes of finding each county afflicted with a barbarous, bloody murder.

in every jail, and so live upon the calamities of mankind.

Dash. Like physicians, when a north east wind & Lord Mayor's feast, or a jail distemper, has made a good sickly time of it. *(both laugh)*

Enter Lady BELL, and Lady JANE.

Lady Bell. Come, sister, leave the men to themselves. Mr. Dashwood, has their wit frightened you away?

Mil. (looking at her) "Look in her face, and you forget them all."

Dash. Won't your ladyship have compassion on that gentleman?

Lady Bell. Compassion!—my sister and I, we hope for his protection?

Enter Captain BYGROVE.

Capt. Bygrove. When you go away from company, Lady Bell, you draw every body in your train.

Lady Bell. Oh! you have so overpowered me with civil, and tender things!

Mil. (aside) What does he follow her for?

Lady Bell. A Honour, gentleman. *(sings)* Uncle! Uncle Millamour, when you are married to my aunt, I hope you will be kind to us.

Mil. (turning away) Confusion! confusion!

Lady Jane. (cursing) May I salute you, uncle?

Mil. Po! this mockery! *(sings)*

Lady Bell. Let us give him all his titles!—Mother, when you marry my sister,—*(sings)*

Mil. How can you, Lady Bell?

Lady Jane. Uncle!—Brother!

Lady Bell. And Brother Uncle!

Mil. (breaking away from them) This is too much—No patience can endure it.

(turns to Lady Bell) Madam, this usage—*(Lady Bell and Lady Jane look on in amazement)*

Lady Jane. Come, sister, let us leave him.

Lady Bell. Oh! ho! ho! I shall engage.

Mil. Why will you torment me thus? *(sings)* the band) Am I to be for ever made your sport?

Lady Bell. Oh! you would not have me laugh. To be sure, when one considers, it is a serious matter—And though Captain Bygrove (*pointing to him*) has ordered to be in love with me; and though he has declared himself in the warmest terms—

Mil. And could you listen to him?

Lady Bell. And yet after all your promises, when you had touched my heart—(*in a softened tone*)

Mil. Jealous of me by this light. (*aside*)

Lady Bell. After all your faithless vows, to break them as you have done, like a Turk, or a Jew, or a Mahometan, (*crying*) and leave me, like Dido and Aeneas, it is enough to break a young girl's heart. (*crying bitterly*) so it is, it is—There, will that please you? (*bursts into a laugh*) Adieu, uncle! my compliments to my aunt—[Exit.]

Mil. Damnation!

Enter Sir HARRY.

Sir Har. Did not I hear somebody crying?

Mil. Yes, and laughing too. Captain Bygrove, you said something to Lady Bell, what was it, Sir?

Capt. Byg. What I desire the world to know; I love her, I adore her. My father has ordered it, Mrs. Browley approves; Lady Bell encourages me; and I shall be the happiest of mankind.

Mil. You and I must talk about, Sir. You know my prior claim. Attempt my life rather than my love.—You must shut me out of her, Sir: he is mine by every tie, and so I shall tell her this moment—[Exit.]

Delf. Now hold that resolution, if you can.

Capt. Byg. I have managed it well.

Delf. Admirably!

Sir Har. What does all this mean? Darnwould, you are wanted in the next room. Marvil is in for it; he sits toasting Miss Neville, while every idea fades away from his countenance, all going out one by one, and his eyes sink into the dim vacancy of a brisk no meaning at all.

Delf. I'll look in upon them.—Bygrove, I see Miss Neville: let us give Sir Harry his opportunity.

Enter

Enter Miss NEVILLE.

Miss Nev. I thought Lady Bell was here: I beg your pardon, gentlemen.

Dash. Your company is always agreeable, is not it, Sir Harry? The gentleman will speak for himself. — Come, Bygrove, I have occasion for you.

[Exit with Captain Bygrove.]

Sir Har. May I now presume, Madam—

Miss Nev. You chuse your time but ill, Sir Harry: I have so many things to distract me, I cannot listen to you now.

Sir Har. (takes her hand) But you promised to hear me; I have beheld your sufferings.

Miss Nev. They do not warrant improper liberties. I can be humble as becomes my situation. I hope you will not oblige me to shew that spirit, which virtue is as much entitled to, as the proudest fortune in the kingdom.

Sir Har. I mean you no disrespect. That letter is a black artifice to traduce my character: the fraud shall be brought to light; you may rely upon it; nor will you be so ungenerous as to believe the dark slanders of my honour.

Miss Nev. I know not what foundation there is for it, nor is it for me to charge you with any thing. I have no right to take that liberty.

Sir Har. Why harbour suspicions unworthy of you? In me, you behold a warm admirer, who aspires at the possession of what he loves, and trembles for the event.

Miss Nev. I must take the liberty to doubt your sincerity. I know my own deficiencies, and I beg leave to withdraw.

Sir Har. By all that's amiable in your mind and person, my views are honourable as ever yet inspired a lover's heart.

Miss Nev. I would fain express my gratitude. (curses.)

Sir Har. Why those tears?

Miss Nev. Your character, I dare say, Sir, will come out clear and unsoiled. You will permit me to take

take care of mine. It is all I have to value. I shall not continue any longer in this house. Mrs. Bromley has made it impossible; I wish you all happiness, Sir.

Sir Har. That resolution I approve of: let me provide you a retreat, and in a few days—

Miss Nov. I must beg to be excused: that I can never think of.

Sir Har. By Heaven, I mean to raise you to that independence, which your merits deserve. I would place you in that splendor, which Mrs. Bromley may envy.

Miss Nov. I can only return my thanks. Lady Bell will know where I am. I feel no ambition: I do not want to give pain to Mrs. Bromley: I seek humble content, and ask no more.

Sir Har. You do injustice to yourself, and to me—
—Hey! all breaking up from table!

Miss Nov. You must not detain me now, Sir Harry. I humbly take my leave. [Exit.]

Sir Har. I wonder what Dashwood will say to all this. I shall like to hear him: he will turn it to a joke, I warrant him. No end of his pleasantry.

Enter MALVIL in liquor, BRIGGS and DASHWOOD.

Mal. Very well; make the most of it. Since you force me to speak, I say her character is a vile one.

Byg. Here is a fellow whom wine only inspires with malice.

Dash. Pol. malice! Malvil has no harm in him.

Mal. You may talk of Mrs. Bromley, but she is as vile a character, as pride, and insolence, and avarice, and vanity, and fashionable airs, and decayed beauty can jam together.

Byg. Here's a return for her hospitality!

Mal. Marry her, I say; marry her, and try.

Byg. You shall not have a falling with Miss Neville.

Mal. There, the secret's out: you want to marry her, and make her break her word. Markins's a villain! a medley of false friends, eloping wives, stock jobbers, and usurers; wits that won't write, and fools that will. (Sings.)

Byg. [Sings.]

A COMEDY.

67

Byg. Dastwoud, you ate a patergyst, compared to this man.

Sir Har. Yes, he takes your bread of your hands.

Mal. She is Mrs. Bromley the widow, and you are Mr. Bygrove, the widower; and so, bite the bit, that's all.

Byg. His wit soars above you, Mr. Dastwoud.

Mal. Wit is a bad trade. Letters have no friend left in those degenerate times. Show a man of letters to the first of your nobility, and they will leave him to starve in a garret. Introduce a fellow, who can sing a catch, write a dull political pamphlet, or remarks upon a Dutch memorial, or play off fireworks, and he shall pass six months in the country, by invitation. — Macenas died two thousand years ago, and you are not historian enough to know it.

Sir Har. Dastwoud, he makes a bankrupt of you.

Byg. I have found him out: I know him now: a pretended friend, that he may more surely betray you. Go, and get some coffee, to settle your head. *[Exit.]*

Mal. Mrs. Bromley will scold your head.

Dast. Let us take him up stairs; he'll tumble over the top-table, to shew his politeness.

Sir Har. *(taking him by the arm)* Come, the ladies wait for us.

Mal. Mankind, I say, is a villain! *(sings)*

Enter Lady Bell.

Lady Bell. Bless me, Mr. Malvil!

Mal. All Dastwoud's doing to expose a body: Do you look to Millamour, that's what I say to you.

Dast. He shan't stay to plague your ladyship. — Come, Malvil, let us go and be tender of reputation above stairs.

Mal. I'm always tender, and you are scolding.

(sings, and Exit, led by Dastwoud and Sir Har.)

Lady Bell. How Millamour follows me up and down! Charming! here he comes.

Enter MILLAMOUR.

Mal. Lady Bell, allow me but one serious moment.

Lady

Lady Bell. This bracelet is always coming off.

Mil. Whatever appearances may have been, I burn with an true passion, as ever penetrated a faithful heart.

Lady Bell. (*aside and smiling*) I know he is mine.— This silly obstinate bauble! What were you saying?— Oh! making love again.

Mil. By this dear hand I swear—

Lady Bell. Hold, hold, no violence. Give me my liberty, and thus I make use of it. (*runs away from him*)

Enter Captain Bygrove.

Lady Bell. (*meeting him*) Oh! I have been wishing for you. How could you stay so long?

Capt. Byg. They detained me against my will. But you see, I am true to my appointment.

Mil. (*aside to Bygrove*) Are you so? You shall keep an appointment with me.

Lady Bell. I was surrounded with darts and flames. That gentleman was for renewing the old story, but it was so ridiculous! (*walks up the stage with Captain Bygrove*)

Mil. Distraction! to be insulted thus!

Lady Bell. (*as she walks up*) You have prevailed upon me to be in earnest at last. Since your father has proposed it, and since you have declared yourself, why if I must speak, get my aunt's consent, and mine follows of course.

Mil. (*listening*) If ever I forgive this.

Capt. Byg. Mrs. Brouley has consented. (*then aside to Lady Bell*) He has it; this will quell his pride.

Mil. No end of her folly, I was bent on marriage, but now it's all her own fault. And yet she knows my heart is fixed upon her.

Lady Bell. (*walking down with Capt. Bygrove*) You are so obliging, and I have so many things to say to you; but if people will not perceive, when they interrupt private conversation.

Mil. (*aside*)

Mil. If ever I enter these doors again, may the frown of the whole set pursue me. [Exit.]

Capt. Byg. We have carried this too far.

Lady Bell. The barbarous man, when he should have taken no denial, but have lain on the ground, imploring, wretched—Delightful! O how he must be punished—
(goes to Capt. Byg.)

Mil. (walking up to Lady Bell) Is it so strange that you can't know your own mind for two minutes together?

Lady Bell. Ho! ho! the assurance of that remark! (walks away.)

Mil. (to Bygones) Appoint your time and place: I must have satisfaction for this.

Capt. Byg. To-morrow morning, when the marriage ceremony is over.

Mil. I shall expect you, sir. (going.)

Enter Lady Jane.

Mil. This is lucky. I was in quest of your ladyship.

Lady Jane. In quest of me, sir?

Mil. In quest of you, madam. I have been waiting for an opportunity, and it is the interest of some and appropriate past offences.—Here's a chair, ma'am.

Capt. Byg. (to Lady Bell) We may do better to determine with Lady Jane: I'll leave you to return your wanderer.

Mil. (sitting down) If you will permit me to assure you—

Lady Jane. But what say after this?

Mil. Your sister's charms carry their own sentence with them. If there is fault in many, I thank the heavens for what is past.

Lady Bell. (to Lady Jane) Is it so that she who has pleasure she hears him? Did you speak to her, Miss?

Mil. There was a time, ma'am, when I was in quest of you. Now she is gone, and I shall withdraw.

Lady Bell. Wear the willow, Lady Bell? not a word,

ward, sir? you are in the right: my spirits are too violent for you; and though what I say is not absolutely wit—Do you like wit? I am sure you ought; for it is unprofitable like yourself.

Mil. (smiling) That is not ill said.

Lady Bell. (sits at a distance) Horrid! I shall be vapoured up to my eyes. I'll try my song to banish me lancholy. Where is that foolish guitar?

Mil. (goes for it.)
Mil. Now her jealousy is at work. I knew she would be mortified. Let us agree to pique her pride, and probe her to the quick.

Lady Bell. Though I can't sing, it diverts a body to try.

Sabrina, with that fever mein,

The converse sweet, the look serene;

Those eyes that beam the gentlest ray,

And though she loves, that sweet delay;

Unconscious, seems each heart to take,

And conquers for her subjects sake.

Mil. Well! (listens, smiles, looks at her, draws his chair near her, and beats time on her knee)

Lady Bell. (sings)

The tyrant Cynthia wears the dart,

Conquering with a bleeding heart;

Has cruelty, which all adore,

Flights that torment, not please the more;

Her lover strives to break his chain,

But can't, such pleasure's in the pain.

Mil. Oh! charming! charming! (kisses her hand)

Lady Bell. What are you about, you wretch? Only look, sister: I suppose, Sir, when you have done, you will give me my hand again.

Lady Jane. I promise you, sister, your triumph will be short. *[Exit.]*

Lady Bell. How she stung out of the room!

Mil. (rises and walks about)
Mil. You know, Lady Bell, that I am your conqueror.

KNOW YOUR OWN MIND A COMEDY

conquest. I adore you still, and burn with a lover's faithful fire.

Lady Bell. Come, and have a dish of tea to cool you.

Mil. Hear me but a moment. At a time when you should be tired of this eternal display of your power, Your power is sufficiently acknowledged and felt by all. You may triumph over adoring crowds, but one lover treated with generosity will be more to your honour and your happiness.

Lady Bell. Pretty, very pretty! I have read all that in one of the poets. *(repeats)*

By our distress, you nothing gain,

Unless you love, you please in vain.

Come up stairs, and I'll show you the whole poem.

And one adorer kindly us'd,

Gives more delight than crowds of kind.

Will you come? *(beckons him)* Won't you? Well, consider of it, and when you know your own mind, you may change it again.

Mil. There now! Every thing by turns, and nothing long. Fickle do they call me? A man must be fickle, who pursues her through all the changes of her temper. Admire her in one shape, and seek her another in a moment.

*One charm display'd, another power we see,
In quick variety for ever new.*

ACT THE FIFTH

Enter MILAMOUR and DAWDLE.

MILAMOUR.

Am I to be sacrificed to your immorality?
Am I to be sacrificed to your absurdity?

Mil.

prove Malvil the author. Here he comes—things are not ripe as yet. Say nothing now.

Enter MALVIL,

Mil. Walk in; you come opportunely.

Mal. If I can be of any service—

Mil. To be of disservice is your province; and when you have done the mischief, you can transfer the blame to others.

Mal. I have been rather off my guard to-day. I am not used to be overtaken in that manner; my head is not quite clear.

Mil. Then this business may sober you. What was your whisper to me about that gentleman?

Mal. That he treated with wanton pleasantry what I thought a serious matter. I may mistake the means, but the end of my actions I can always answer for.—Sir John might hear of the affair from another quarter, and so to soften his resentment—

Mil. You took care to excite it.

Mal. I—I—I am apt to carry my heart at my tongue's end.

Darb. I knew his heart was not in the right place.

Mal. I did not address myself to you, Sir.

Mil. I know you have the grimace of candour, Mr. Malvil, arm'd at all points with plausible maxims. But which of your maxims can justify the treachery of betraying a friend? Who does it, is a destroyer of all confidence; and when he attempts to varnish his conduct, with the specious name of friendship, the malignity strikes the deeper: artful, smiling malignity.

Mal. I deserve all this. Friendship in excess is a fault. There are bounds and limits even to virtue.—It would be well if a man could always hit the exact point. There is however something voluptuous in meaning well.

Darb. Well express'd, Malvil! ha! ha! you are right.

Mil. No more of your musty sentences.

Mal. Morals are not capable of mathematical demonstration. And—now I recollect myself—It did

not occur at first—It was Madam La Rouge told the affair to Sir John. This gentleman here—I suppose you will take his word—he says she hears every thing, tells every thing, and he calls her a walking news paper: not that she means any harm. I only mean to say—

Darb. Oh! fie, don't be too severe upon her.

Mel. She said at the same time—you know her manner—she told Sir John that you are in love with half a dozen, and will deceive them all, and Lady Bell into the bargain.

Mel. Diffraction! she dare not say it. This is another of your subterfuges. You know, Sir, how you tricked Lady Bell, and made that gentleman the author of your own malevolence. At any other time and place, this sword should read you a lecture of morality.

Mel. You are too warm: and since I see it is so, to avoid contention, I shall adjourn the debate. [Exit.]

Mil. Deceive Lady Bell!—Whoever has dared to say it,—Madam La Rouge lives but a little way off.—I'm bringing her this moment, to confront this arch impostor. (going)

Darb. You'll be sure to return.

Mil. This very night shall unmask him. [Exit.]

Darb. I shall depend upon you. Malvin shall answer to Sir Harry: all his artifices shall be fairly laid open.

Enter BYRON.

By. Mr. Darnworth, we are now good friends. I have restored a confidence in you. You know every thing between me and Mrs. Bromley, but you see how she goes on.

Darb. And I see how you go on. You are the dupe of your own policy.

By. How so?

Darb. The widow's schemes are seconded by your own imprudence. Can't you see, that if Miss Moun- were once married out of your way, Mrs. Bromley would then be at her last stake, and you might have some

A COMEDY.

79

some chance? And yet your son has it in command to defeat my friend Millamour with Lady Bell.

Egg. How! light breaks in upon me. Gull that was! my son shall marry Lady Jane directly.

Dash. To be sure; and the consequence is, that Lady Bell declares for Millamour.

Egg. Right: I am for ever obliged to you: I'll go and speak to my son this moment: Lady Jane shall be his without delay.

Dash. So much for my friend, the Captain; I have settled this business.

Enter Mrs. BROWLY.

Mrs. Brom. Mr Dashwood, I am so distressed—a terrible business has happened.

Dash. What's the matter?

Mrs. Brom. Miss Neville! I can't think what is become of her—she is not to be found. We have searched every where for her. What can be the meaning of this?

Dash. Is Malvil gone?

Mrs. Brom. This very moment: he has no hand in it. He fees, and pities my distress. He is gone to make enquiry. A girl that I was fond of, and never said an angry word to.

Dash. You have been remarkably mild.

Mrs. Brom. You know how tender I have been of her.—What can have put this into her head? How long has Millamour been gone? I understand it now. This is his exploit.

Dash. You wrong him. I will undertake to discover this plot for you.

Enter BYCROVE.

Dash. You can comfort the Lady, Sir; I shall return immediately.

Egg. May I take the liberty, Madam?

Mrs. Brom. Why torment me thus? You are all in a plot against me.

Enter Lady BELL, Lady JANE, and Capt. BRADSHAW.

Mrs. Brom. There, Lady Bell, there is your lover run away with your cousin.

Lady Bell. I can depend upon her. I can still venture to answer for her honour.

Byg. She will come back, you need not alarm yourself.

Mrs. Brom. You have seduced her, for any thing I know. I am distracted by you all, and will hear no more. *[Exit.]*

Byg. Mrs. Bromley permit me to say a word. *[Exit.]*

Lady Bell. I hope there is nothing amiss. I can rely upon Miss Neville's discretion; I think I can. — Come, sister, let us go and enquire. *(going, looks back)* Hey! you two are staying, to say delicate things to each other.

Capt. Byg. Our difficulties, you know, are at an end. I have my father's orders to follow my inclination. Had Millamour said, I have a plot would have saved his your Ladyship's for ever.

Lady Jane. And we shall see him again this month, perhaps.

Lady Bell. Let him take his own way. I am only uneasy about Miss Neville at present.

Enter DASHWOLD. *(with a letter in his hand)*

Dash. This way, you are wanted: I have a letter here that discovers all. *[Exit.]*

Lady Bell. But what does it say? Let us go and hear indirectly. *[Exit.]*

Scene, an Apartment at Madam La Rouge's.

Enter MILLAMOUR and La ROUGE.

Mil. Have you sent to Dashwold?

La Rouge. Yes, I have send him letter.

Mil. Miss Neville here you say?

La Rouge. She come an hour ago, all in tear.

Mil. Then she is safe. — You are sure you never said any thing to Sir John about the gaming business?

La Rouge. Sur mon-honneur. What I tell? I know nothing. And I not see Sir John in my house, it is two the month.

Mil. You shall come, and confront Malvil at Mrs. Bromley's.

La

ADMINISTRATIVE

La Rouge: Bagatelle! what do I care for?—No, his is all put me off—pay your little bill. Where's money to you? I, so poor, you so rich.

Mil. You did not say that I should deceive Lily Bell?

La Rouge. Monsieur Malvil, he tell you so? won't

Mil. Yes, and I tremble for the consequence.

La Rouge. It is one great villain—a great help! For you. Vous est simple. Monsieur Melvil, he is great fripon. And I ver sorry he be marry to Mademoiselle Neville.

Q. Married to her?

La Rouge. You not know it? He is marry to her this day. He take my apartment two week ago. He not have it known out: he is marry for two or day; write letter to me dis afternoon; he must be in our private; de servant not to see him; go up de back stair to her room, and so I shall en suite.

Mil. And thus he has seduced her from her childhood. Let me see the letter. *(reads aside)*

La Rouge. I not tisk him so bad to talk of me, and
tell such parcel of story, vid not one word of true.

Mil. So; here he is in black and white. To come privately, shall I? If I could detain him here, and prevent all means of an escape——

La Range: Escape? Turn back thirty. He mistook the door of the apartment; (pointing to a door in the background) I turn the key in the back door: viola votre prisonnier: he is prisoner.

Mrs. Esquivel—Woman! I'll lock this door, and secure the key. (locks the door in the vestibule with a bang!)

La Rouge. Le voile: he come now

Mil. Fly, let him in, lend once more to De Gaulle.
 I want him this instant, fly, dispatch, edit and I will

La Bague. I do all you bid me. 2 or 3 miles [unclear]
 M. I do all you bid me. 2 or 3 miles [unclear]

this be: Malsgrave, what's the matter? — *He looks at the clock.* —
 I hear his voice — I shall have the door open —
He calls. — *He looks at the clock.* — *He looks at the clock.* —
 Neville? *(goes to a room door)* Miss Neville!

41-3

Miss



KNOW YOUR OWN MIND.

Miss New. (entering) Madam La Rouge!—Oh, Sir! what brings you hither?

Mil. It is your interest to hear me; your happiness depends upon it.

Miss New. Alas! I fear I have been too rash.

Mil. Command your attention, and listen to me!—
Malvil has planned your ruin.

Miss New. Impossible! he has too much honour: why will you alarm me thus? I am unfortunate, and you, Sir, need not add to my afflictions.

Mil. You have trusted yourself to a villain: he means, at midnight, to gain access to your person; to triumph over your honour, and then leave you to remorse, to shame, and misery. Read that letter.

(She takes it, and she reads it to herself) She's an amiable girl, and I dare say, will make an admirable wife!—
(Hearts I hear him in yonder room. Suppress each manifestation of surprise, and wait the event.)

Miss New. I can scarce believe what I read! What have I done? (swoops) You have led me into a maze of doubt and fear, and there I wander, distracted, lost; without a clue to guide me. I will trust you: rely upon me.

Enter DASHWOOD, Lady BELL, and Lady JANE.

Lady Bell. La Rouge has told us the whole story.

Lady Jane. My sweet girl, how could you frighten

Miss New. I know not what I have done. But Mrs. Bramley's cruelty has drove me to despair.

Lady Jane. My dear, all will be well: I don't distress yourself.

Lady Bell. Tell my aunt vexed you, why run away

Enter Mrs. BRAMLEY, BRECKIN, Sir HENRY, and

Capt. BRECKIN.

Mrs. Bram. Where is this unhappy girl?

Mil. A moment's patience.

Enter La Rouge.

Mil. La hê ça?

La Rouge. He is dere in de room as safe as in Babilon.

Mil. Speak to him thro' the door: now all is silent.

La Rouge. Monsieur Melvil, open de door.

Mel. (within) Do you open it, you have the key.

La Rouge. De key, it is dere: Miss Neville, it is gone to bed; all de house asleep: I in de dark; now is your time.

Mil. (to La Rouge) Hush! here is the key.

Mel. Will you dispatch it?

La Rouge. Attendez: here is de key: I dit you out.

Mel. (entering) All in darkness: is she gone to bed?

La Rouge. (hiding him) She wait for you: Aven't you

you married?

Mel. St. James's parish: Sir Harry has not forbidden: she prefers me. Say nothing of it yet awhile.

La Rouge. No; not a word: then, I get light for you.

Mel. So; I have earned my point. The family will

be glad to patch up the affair, to avoid the disgrace.

La Rouge. (entering) Ah! you look in earlier;

over good apartment for you; and there is good picture.

It is Tarquin and Lucre; Tarquin go to ravish de lady

in the night.

Mel. A terrible fellow!

La Rouge. And de room: look

about you; more picture, and all original.

Owners. Ha! ha! ha! your servant, Mr. Melvil.

Mel. Ha! Ha! Ha! your servant, Mr. Melvil.

Mel. (talking him) There are bounds and

limits even to virtue.

Def. (to Melvil) Melvil, the capable of ma-

thematical demonstration.

Lady

KNOW YOUR OWN MIND.

Lady Bell. (to *Miss Neville*.) Let us withdraw from all this bustle. **Sir Harry**, step this way, I want you.

Exit with Miss Neville, Lady Jane, and Sir Harry.

Dan. This is all according to the fitness of things.

Mil. Something voluptuous in meaning well.

Dan. Dismal would, your ridicule is now in season to expose such a character. He is fair game, and knock him down as you please.

Lt. Roper. Ah! *Monsieur Tartuffe!*

Mil. The hen about me!—**Mr. Bygrove**, you are a thinking man, I appeal to you.

[*Exit laughing*]

Mil. I appeal to this letter, *Mr.* (reads)

“*Monsieur La Roche*—

“*Miss Neville* has this day given me her hand in marriage. I would not have it known for some time.

“Conduct me to her apartments, unknown to your

“*servants*. The way up the back stairs will be best.

“Your secrecy shall be rewarded by

“*Martin Malvil*.”

Owner. Ha! ha! ha!

Mil. The letter is forged—let me see it.

[*Snatches at it*]

Dan. And I have another proof! this anonymous scrawl, written by your direction, and sent to *Miss Neville*, to give a stab to the character of *Sir Harry*. Do you deny it, *Mr.*? Your secretary is now in the house; I brought him with me; he is ready to prove you the author of this mean, clandestine mischief.

Mil. All false; all a forgery. Where is this French impostor? Where is your witness, *Mr.*? (to *Dan*.)
I'll put them both to the proof this moment.

Dan. No private parlying.

Byg. No; we must all hear.

Mrs. Brown. Yes; all must hear.

Mil. My presence may be necessary.

Capt. Byg. Millamour, stay and give me joy.

Mil. Of what?

Capt. Byg. The birth of my heart! To-morrow

her birth-day.

Mil. Well, I give you joy. Who is she?

Capt.

A COMEDY. 81

Capt. Byg. My Lady Bell, thou dear fellow: come, let us go and see what they are about.

Mil. Let us go and see who shall cut the other's throat.

Capt. Byg. A pleasant employment.

Mil. You shall tear this heart out, before you tear Lady Bell from me.

Capt. Byg. Very well; have your frolic—This works as I could wish. *[Exit.]*

Mil. Despair and phrenzy! if she is capable of a treachery like this.

Enter Lady BELL.

Lady Bell. You have done some good at last, Mr. Millamour.

Mil. Lady Bell! *(pauses and looks at her)* I once thought——but you will break my heart.

Lady Bell. It will bend a little, but never break.

Mil. Will you listen to me? There is a tyrant fair, and you have interest with her; you can serve me; all the joys of life are center'd there.

Lady Bell. *(smiles aside)* He is mine against the world. And so you want my interest? That's lucky, for I have a favour to request of you.

Mil. Is there a favour in the power of man, you may not command at my hands?

Lady Bell. You are very good, Sir; there is a person, but the levity of his temper——

Mil. *(aside)* She means me—Your beauty will reclaim him.

Lady Bell. *(smiles at him)* May I rely upon you?

Mil. What an angel look there was! And do you ask the question?

Lady Bell. When sincere affection——

Mil. It is generous to own it.

Lady Bell. And since the impression made by——

Mil. Do not hesitate.

Lady Bell. Made by Captain Bygrove——

Mil. Made by Captain Bygrove! *(turns away)*

Lady Bell. That wounds deep—and if you will assist my fond, fond hopes—it will be generous indeed.

Mil.

81 KNOW YOUR OWN MIND.

Mal. This is a blow I never looked for.—Yet, ma'am, it will be generous, and in return, if you will intercede for me with Lady Bell—po! with a—wish Lady Jane, I say—I say if you will intercede for me with Lady Jane—

Lady Bell. Oh! by all means. And as I approve of your choice, *(he walks away, she follows him)* I hope you will approve of mine; and by mutual acts of friendship, we may promote each other's happiness.

Enter DASHWOULD.

Dash. Malvil is detected.

Lady Bell. And Sir Harry has settled every thing with Miss Neville. Go and with him joy. *[Exit Dashwould]* my sweet friend will be happy at last. *(going)* *Mal.* *(calling her back)* But you won't marry the Captain?

Lady Bell. Will you make interst for me?

Mal. How can you torment me thus?

Lady Bell. You have done some service, and you may now entertain a degree of hope. *(pulling at him)* But have you another copy of verses for my aunt?

Mal. How can you? *(kisses her hand; Exit Lady Bell)*—She yields, and I am blessed indeed.

Enter BROMLEY, MALVIL, and Capt. BROMLEY.

Brc. The fact is too clear, Mr. Malvil.

Mal. And shall the word of that French impostor—

Brc. She has atted fairly, Sir; what reparation can you make the lady, whose ruin you have attempted?

Mal. Mrs. Bromley promised her a fortune, and I have promised her marriage.

Enter DASHWOULD.

Dash. And I forbid the banns. Sir Harry has concluded a match with Miss Neville: I should have thought him ridiculous if he had not.

Mal. That you will do, whether he deserves it or not.

Mal. You, Sir, deserve nothing worse than ridicule. You are thoroughly understood. Your tenderness for your

your neighbour, is malignant curiosity; your half hints that hesitate flander, speak the louder; and your silence, that affects to suppress what you know, is a mute that strangles.

Mal. The probity of my character, Sir—

Desh. Ay, probity is the word. He has had pretty perquisites from his probity; legacies, trust money, and confidence of families. For aught I see, probity is as good a trade as any a going.

Others. Ha! ha! ha!

Mal. The still voice of truth is lost: you are all in a combination.

Byg. And you have forced me to be of the number.

Enter Mrs. Bromley.

Mal. Mrs. Bromley! you will judge with candour.

Mrs. Brom. Oh! Sir, it is all too plain.

Mal. It is in vain to contend: I shall be cautious what I say of any of you: my heart is with you all.

[Exit.

Byg. Farewel, hypocrite!

Others. Ha! ha! ha!

Enter Lady Bell, Miss Neville, Sir Harry, and Lady Jane.

Lady Bell. Here, Sir Harry, in the presence of this company, I give you, in this friend of mine, truth, good sense, and virtue. Take her, Sir, and now you have got a treasure.

Sir Har. (to Miss Neville) It shall be my pride to raise you to that sphere of life, which your merit, and your sufferings from—*(looks at Mrs. Bromley)*

Mrs. Brom. Why fix on me, Sir?

Sir Har. They are much mistaken, who can find no way of shewing their superior rank, but by letting their weight fall on those, whom fortune has placed beneath them.

Desh. And that sentiment, however I may smile, I with impressed upon all the senses of your relations, throughout Sir Harry's discourse.

Miss Bro. Mrs. Bromley, I have much to say to you.

My obligations to you I shall never forget. I am not ashamed, even in the presence of Sir Harry, to own the distress in which you found me. If at any time I have given offence; if under your displeasure, I have been impatient, you will allow for an education that raised me much above my circumstances. That education shall teach me to act as becomes Sir Harry's lady, with affection, with duty to him; and to you, madam, with gratitude for that bounty which saved me from calamity and ruin.

Mrs. Brom. Your words overpower me. I feel that I have done wrong. I now see, that to demand in return, for favours conferred, an abject spirit, and mean compliance, is the worst usury society knows of. I rejoice at your good fortune: your merit deserves it.

(they embrace)

Dash. Why this is as it should be—Mr. Bygrove, I hope soon to wish you joy.

Byg. Compared to Malvil, thou art an honest fellow, and I thank you.

Dash. Millamour, is there no recompense for your virtue? in a modern comedy, you would be rewarded with a wife.

Mil. Lady Bell has more than poetical justice in her power. I wish Sir John were here: he would now see me reclaimed from every folly, by that lady.

Mrs. Brom. If it is so, I congratulate you both.

Lady Bell. It is even so, aunt; the whim of the present moment. Mr. Millamour has served my amiable friend, and I have promised him my hand—and so—*(holds up both hands)* which will you have? Puzzle about it, and know your own mind if you can.

Mil. With rapture thus I snatch it to my heart.

Lady Bell. Sister, what nunnery will you go to?
Mr. Bygrove, command your son to take her.

Capt. Byg. That command I have obeyed already.

Lady Jane. Since the truth must out, we made use of a stratagem, to fix my sister and that gentleman.

Lady Bell. To fix yourself, if you please. I knew you would be married before me.

Mil. Dashwould, give me your hand. Your wit shall

A COMEDY:

85

shall enliven our social hours, and while I laugh with you at the events of life, you shall see me endeavour to weed out of my own mind every folly.

Dofs. You do me honour, sir. And if Mr. Bygrove will now and then give and take a joke—

Byg. As often as you please:—but take my advice, and don't lose your friend for your joke.

Dofs. By no means, Mr. Bygrove—except now and then, when the friend is the worst of the two.

Mil. Come, gentlemen, your differences are all at an end. Lady Bell, the varieties of life, till now, directed my attention.

But when our hearts, victorious beauty draws,

We feel its power, and own its sovereign laws;

To that subservient all our passions move,

And even my constancy shall spring from love.

End of the First Act.

PROLOGUE

Lady Bell. To fix yourself, if you please, I knew you would be married before me.

EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mrs. MATTOCKS.

IF after Tragedy 'tis made a rule,
To jest no more, I'll be no titt'ring fool,
To jog you with a joke in Tragic doze,
And shake the dew-drops from the weeping rose.

Prudes of each sex affirm, and who denies?
That in each tear a whim'ring Cupid lies.
To such wise, formal folk, my answer's simple;
A thousand Cupids revel in a dimple!
From their soft nests, with laughter out they rush,
Perch'd on your heads, like small birds in a bush.
Beauty resistless in each smile appears:
Are you for dimples, ladies, for or tears?
Dare they in Comedy our mirth abridge?
Let us stand up for giggling privilege;
Assert our rights, that laughter is no sin,
From the screw'd simper, to the broad-fac'd grin.

So much for self; now turn we to the Poet:
"KNOW YOUR OWN MIND."—Are any here who
know it?

To know one's mind is a hard task indeed,
And harder still for us, by all agreed.
Cards, balls, beaux, feathers, round the eddy whirling,
Change every moment, while the hair is curling,

The

E P I L O G U E.

*The Greeks say—"Know Thyself"—I'm sure I find,
I Know Myself that I don't Know my Mind.*

*Know YOU your minds, wise men?—Come, let us try
I have a worthy cit there in my eye; (looking up)*

Tho' he to sneer at us takes much delight,

He cannot fix where he shall go to-night:

His pleasure and his peace are now at strife,

He loves his bottle, and he fears his wife.

He'll quit this house, not knowing what to do;

The Shakespeare's Head first gives a pull or two,

But with a sideling struggle he gets thro';

Darts across Russel-street: then with new charms,

The Syren, Luxury, his bosom warms,

And draws him in the vortex of the Bedford Arms.

Happy this night!—But when comes wife and sorrow?

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow."

*I see some laughers here; pray which of you
Know your own Minds?—in all this house but few!*

Wits never know their minds;—our Minor Bards,

Changing from bad to worse, now spin Charades.

O'er Law and Physic we will draw a curtain;

There nothing but uncertainty is certain.

Grave looks, wigs, coats, the Doctors now relinquish 'em,

They're right—from Undertakers to distinguish 'em.

The Courtiers, do 'em justice, never doubt,

Whether 'tis better to be in or out.

Some

EPILOGUE.

*Some Patriots too, know their own mind and plan;
They're firmly fix'd, to get in when they can;
Gamesters don't waver; they all hazards run,
For some must cheat, and more must be undone.
Great Statesmen know their minds, but ne'er reveal 'em.
We never know their secrets, till we feel them.*

*Grant me a favour, Critics: don't say nay;
Be of one mind with me, and like this Play.
Thence will two wonders rise: Wits will be kind,
Nay more—behold, a Woman Knows her Mind!*

E P I N I S.



